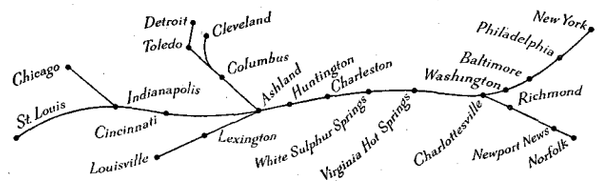
"Porter!! . . ."

Travel C and O and Sleep Like a Kitten



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON · THE SPORTSMAN · THE F. F.V.

The Finest Fleet of Air-Conditioned Trains in the World

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO

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Occupations—
The 'Lace-Collar Worker' Tomorrow

By Frances Maule

WHAT OF THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMAN in the New Deal —and after? How is her position affected by changed—and changing—business conditions? What readjustments is she making—must she continue to make—in her business equipment, her point of view, her very personality in order to meet these changes?

The organizations of business and professional women are trying to find out. At the present moment the American Woman's Association of New York—whose 1931 survey of unemployment among its own members was so revealing in regard to the plight of the "lace-collar" worker —is just completing a study financed by grants from the Carnegie Corporation and the Guggenheim Foundation.

The object, according to Miss Anne Morgan, president of the Association, is to obtain a detailed "work history" of the 4500 business and professional women on the higher-salaried levels that mostly make up its membership, together with a record of the effects the Depression has had upon their careers, to the end that working women everywhere shall have some reliable facts to guide them instead of mere guesses.

Women who work in business and the professions have been meeting about "Vocational Round Tables" to compare notes on what has been happening in their respective fields and to consider what they must do in order to adjust to changes and developments. And not only at the American Woman's Association but all over the country in the groups affiliated with the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

At the biennial convention of the National Federation, an "Institute of Occupations" was held, at which "key" women in every occupation open to the female sex presented the salient facts for their particular fields. A committee of the Federation, headed by Miss Mary Dillon, president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, made an investigation into the requirements in the way of education, training, experience and personal qualifications that employers are now requiring of women employees.

Speeches, discussions, reports of investigations made clear one outstanding fact: the woman worker of the reconstruction period herself believes that OPPORTUNITY on a scale greater than she has ever before dared to dream is knocking at her door. BUT—opportunity only on an unprecedentedly high level. The "WOMEN WANTED" sign is hung out, but only the exceptionally well qualified need apply.

For this, the wage-working woman can, to a very great extent, thank her sister, the American housewife.

As has been often pointed out, the American housewife is the largest retail purchasing agent in the country. Through her hands pass most of the dollars that are the life-blood of retail trade. From eighty-five to ninety percent of all over-the-counter purchases, it is estimated, are made by her.

Upon her favor, therefore, depends the prosperity of most of the manufacturers and distributors of goods designed for retail sale. If the housewife doesn't take to your brand of ham, you might just as well go out of business—unless you can bring it into line with her ham requirements. If your competitor hits upon a gadget for his mechanical refrigerator that happens to strike her fancy, the only course for you is to copy your competitor—or get a better gadget.

The more alert manufacturers and distributors had already perceived this before the depression set in—with the able assistance of a few alert women who saw their chance, seized it and promoted it for all they were worth.

The phrase, "the woman's point of view," began to echo through wainscotted board rooms and over the polished mahogany of industrial council tables. Some entirely new jobs for

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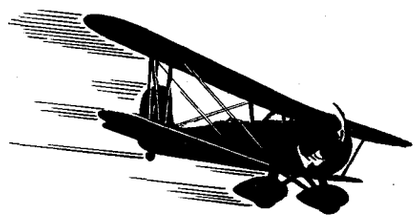
A service for

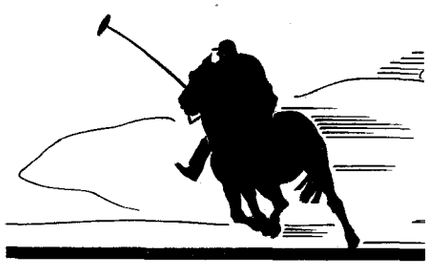
BUSINESS MEN
and
SPORTSMEN



IN constantly increasing numbers are business houses utilizing aircraft for sales, administrative, advertising and other work, where time is an important factor. It's the modern thing to do. ¶ In the same fashion are business and professional men as well as sportsmen swelling the membership of the aviation country clubs. Those who have yet to explore the benefits of flying—from the business or the pleasure point of view—are invited to avail themselves of THE SPORTSMAN PILOT's facilities for the distribution of aircraft information. ¶ If you are interested in company or private aircraft ownership write THE SPORTSMAN PILOT (without obligation) for literature, operating costs, etc. State the type of plane which would meet your requirements, i.e., open or closed, how many passengers, the approximate price you would pay. ¶ In the meantime, know more about this lively sport. THE SPORTSMAN PILOT tells how business men and sportsmen utilize their planes, where they go, what they fly, etc. Beautifully and profusely illustrated.

Published monthly: $3 *a year*

THE
SPORTSMAN PILOT
515 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



women came into being. Strange new names appeared on salary lists, as the terms "stylist," "merchandise counselor," "home service demonstrator," "director of home research," "consultant in home economics" were born.

By the time the Depression got under way, large numbers of women—most of them trained experts in their respective lines—were serving in these capacities. Every leading manufacturer had a stylist to aid him in his efforts to find out what his prospective women customers were at that moment demanding in his line of goods. The department stores had their merchandise counselors to guide them in the selection of merchandise calculated to meet the current fancies of women shoppers.

Manufacturers of foods had set up "laboratory kitchens" where highly trained women specialists strove with all their intuitive feminine knowledge combined with their scientific schooling to harmonize the products of the firm with the ideas of the housewife.

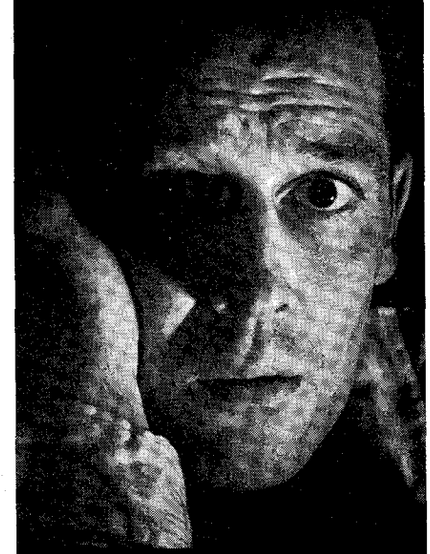
The makers of kitchen ranges, refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners; and the public utility corporations that sell the power to operate these conveniences, established schools where women experts explained to homemakers how to get the best and the most out of their investment. When the housewife could not come to them, they went to the housewife—and conducted the lesson in the home.

One of the marvels of modern industry is the sensational rise of the beauty business. Fifteen—or is it only ten?—years ago the terms "beautician" and "cosmotologist" had not yet been coined. Today, the capital investment in the manufacture and sale of preparations and treatments runs up into many millions, and the leading purveyors of aids to feminine loveliness have continued to do business at a profit throughout the depression. Several of the most conspicuously successful are headed by women. And the business as a whole—manufacturing, selling, treatments — is practically staffed by women.

The decade that closed with the stock market crash of 1929 is often spoken of as "the golden age of advertising." And in this mushroom growth women have also played an important part.

Back in the pioneer days previous to 1920, there came to a rising young agency a bright and ambitious young woman. She had ideas. One of them

Night is a long torment when you can't get to sleep—nerves taut, eyes staring into the dark. But here is an easy remedy, that 9 out of 10 who write us about it say gives them relief. Smooth a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of the neck—in slow firm strokes. Then, relax for a night of sound slumber.



ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot"

At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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The New Weston

CONVENIENCE

Within one square of the magnificent Rockefeller Radio City, Fifth Avenue's smart shopping center, St. Patrick's Cathedral Park Avenue sector; adjacent to Grand Central Station; close to the theatrical section, yet with a quiet and dignified atmosphere.

ENVIRONMENT

700 large airy and delightfully furnished rooms. Popular and attractive restaurant with finest air cooling system.

HOSPITALITY

Guests inform us that the home like atmosphere of this distinctive town house affords them faultless service, convenient location at a nominal cost.

50th Street at Madison Ave. New York

Your

NEW YORK TRIP becomes more enjoyable when you live at the

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

LEXINGTON AVENUE
49th to 50th STS • N.Y.C.

Travelers who seek a New York hotel that is in the center of all activities . . . and yet promises quiet and relaxation, will be thoroughly delighted with the modern Hotel Montclair. Convenient to theatres, smart shops, famous Radio City, business sections, railroad and bus terminals.

•

CORAL ROOM FOR DINNER & SUPPER DANCING

•

800 RESTFUL OUTSIDE ROOMS WITH BATH, SHOWER, RADIO.
SINGLE $2.50 DOUBLE $3.50

was that since women were the prospective buyers of most of the goods advertised by the firm, it might be a good plan to have the copy setting forth their "talking points" written by women.

Women, she argued, have an almost instinctive knowledge of the qualities of foods and soaps and cleansers, of clothes and beauty aids and toilet preparations, of silver, linen, china, glassware, furniture, draperies, carpets—all the vast array of merchandise that goes into the creation and running of a home and the bringing up of a family. They have the *feeling* for these things without which it is impossible to write with the requisite enthusiasm and conviction. They have the experience that enables them to write with authority. They have the right vocabulary.

At first she produced all this "woman's copy" herself. It was so immediately and conspicuously successful—measured in increased sales—that as the agency grew—and it grew fast!—other women were added to the copy staff. Before long the agency began to be spoken of as the originator of a new style of advertising, the distinguishing characteristic of which was that it reflected the point of view of the consumer rather than that of the manufacturer.

Today every advertising agency concerned with the selling of goods to women has women copywriters on its staff. A certain eminent authority whose outstanding success in selling women has invested his lightest word with an almost pontifical authority, told a group of aspiring young copywriters that he regarded the preparation of advertising as primarily a "woman's game" and predicted that the great bulk of advertising in the future would be done exclusively by women.

At the present moment, to be sure, an advertising copy job is just about as easy to get as—well, almost any other kind of a job. Also, there is no doubt that the advertising business, in common with most others, is in for many changes and readjustments. But as long as women remain the purchasers of upwards of ninety percent of the goods sold over retail counters, it is a safe guess that a goodly share of the advertising designed to sell them will fall to women copywriters.

When the Depression struck and staff-cutting became the most popular of office sports, a great many trained women did lose their jobs. But not so many as you might think. The stimulating nature of their work upon sales curves had been too apparent!

Manufacturers and merchants alike perceived that to overcome the resistance of the stiff "buyer's market" that has prevailed since the beginning of the depression, merchandise had to be made well-nigh irresistible. If the reluctant dollar was to be coaxed from the close-snapped pocketbook of the thrifty housewife whose household budget had suffered repeated revisions downward, every article had to be adapted more closely than ever to her tastes, needs, judgment, style ideas and sense of values.

Many, therefore, retained on their payrolls their women specialists upon whose judgment they felt they could rely to "smell out" and interpret new trends and to keep their merchandise in the closest possible conformity with changing current demands.

Women stylists and merchandise counselors, speaking at the vocational round tables before referred to, reported that the men who had retained their women advisors had done so conspicuously well throughout the depression that their competitors, noting their prosperity and guessing the cause, had promptly proceeded to call back the women experts they had dismissed.

The specialists in scientific homemaking told much the same story. Indeed it appeared from their reports that a diploma in Home Economics is almost as good as unemployment insurance.

Manufacturers of foods and household equipment are rapidly rehiring women specialists laid off in the first frenzied stages of the deflation. They need them, not only to do research and experimental work on their products, but to prepare advertising and to create the handsomely illustrated "recipe booklets" that do so much to ingratiate them into the favor of the homemaker.

According to Miss Lita Bane, for years an officer of the Home Economics Association, Uncle Sam has cut from his payroll only about four percent of his women home economics experts whose task it is to carry education in the homemaking arts to the rural districts. If the President's recovery plans work out as hoped, this type of work will unquestionably figure more and more largely in government budgets, with a resulting increase in jobs for properly qualified women experts.

Hotels, schools, hospitals, institutions of all kinds are beginning to feel ur-

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Checklist of New Ideas

ON WHO GOT STUCK IN THE MUD AT VIMY RIDGE

Neither last year, nor the year before, did I make any provision for the payment of the war debt to America nor for the receipt of war debts or reparations by ourselves. In the absence of any further development, I purpose to follow precisely the same line this year.—*Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer in his "sunshine" budget message.*

ON EMILY POST AND ETHYL

The filling station men have improved the manners and courtesy of the American public more than all the colleges in the country.

—*Dr. Robert A. Miliken.*

ON INSIDE STRAIGHTS

An evening of poker may take six months off a man's life.—*Dr. Nathan S. Davis, of Chicago.*

ON THE POET AND THE SUBWAY

Groups of artistic, sensitive, intellectual persons should be kept smaller than thirty persons to avoid fatigue from the sheer nervous strain of being in a crowd.—*Shailer Upton Lawton, Associate Professor, N. Y. U.*

ON WRITING FOR A LIVING

I write when the spirit moves me, and it moves me almost every day.

—*William Faulkner.*

ON PAR

Whenever I dub a shot I sit right down on the fairway and take off my shoes. I try all the toes of both feet to be sure they're O.K.—*A. L. Austin, Ohio's leading bonesetter.*

ON EDUCATION

"I believe that both those who fear and those who hope that our system of higher education is a possible agency of social and economic reconstruction are doomed to disappointment. . . . Our system of higher education, considered as a whole, is today one of the most definitely motivated, least flexible and highly static of our social institutions."

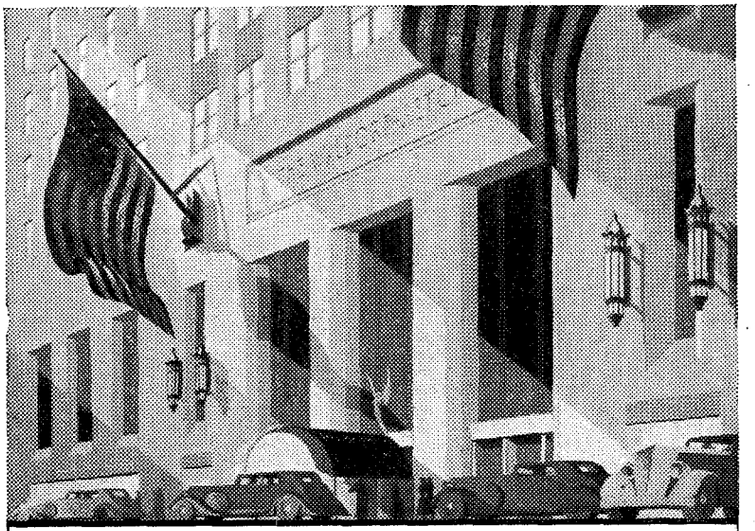
—*Chancellor Harry Chase, N. Y. U.*

ON MEMORY

I still get fan mail.—*Theda Bara.*

WORLD-FAMOUS HOTEL . . . *distinguished home*

Waldorf patrons prefer to stop here for many reasons. Its central location, at the heart of things. The sparkling gayety of social life that centers here. Above all, the private-home charm of all Waldorf rooms . . . the truly personalized services.



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH STREETS · NEW YORK

FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL

Residential Summer School (co-educational) in the heart of French Canada. Old-Country French staff. Only French spoken. Elementary, Intermediate, Advanced. Certificate or College Credit. French entertainments, sight-seeing, sports, etc.

Fee $150. Board and Tuition. June 27—August 1. Write for circular to Secretary, Residential French Summer School

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL, CANADA

GOING BY MOTOR?

The pleasure of your automobile trip will be increased by the thoughtful, helpful free service offered by Conoco. Even special information on fishing and all other sports.

FREE ROAD MAPS, BOOKLETS, DIRECTORIES

Write

Wherever you plan to travel in the United States, Canada or Mexico, write us telling when and where you want to go.

We will send, postpaid, state road maps of each state you pass through, marked with your best routes, illustrated booklets of interesting vacation and historic spots, camp and hotel directories. Also a Conoco Passport which introduces you to 18,000 Red Triangle stations and provides space to record the expenses of your trip. This Bureau, operated by Continental Oil Co., is America's foremost free travel service. Address Department 74, Conoco Travel Bureau, Denver, Colorado.

CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU

15 Minutes of Your Time

FIVE to send the coupon; ten to read the simple, clear, untechnical story of life insurance and what it can do for you in our booklet which answers important questions.

You'll find it well worth fifteen minutes of your time. May we send *your* copy?

John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your booklet about the many uses of life insurance.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... *State* .....

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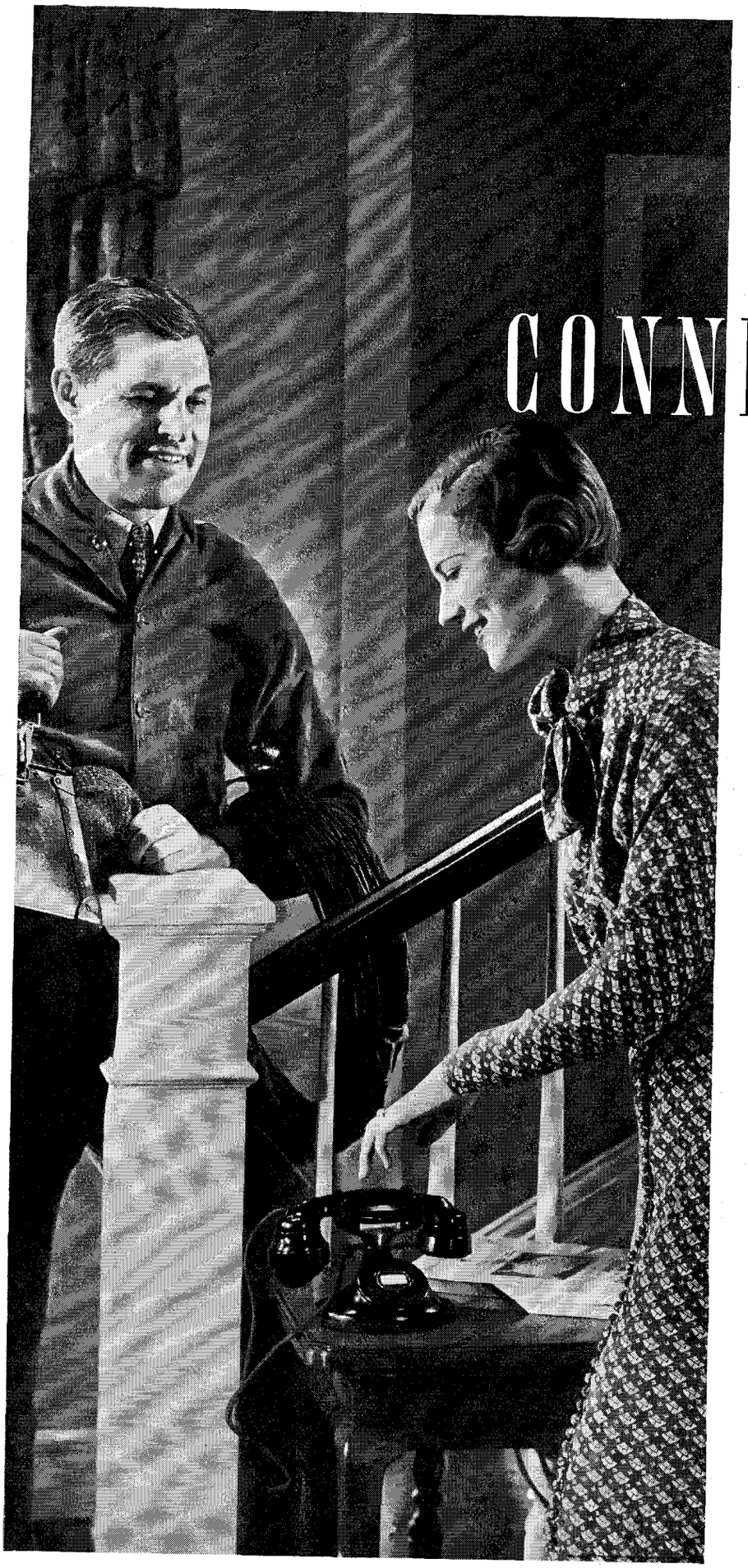

"YOU'RE CONNECTED!"

SMILING, the installer takes his leave. He's been courteous, careful, quick. He seemed to know just where the telephone should go. Just how to place it so that nothing should be marred. And now — "You're connected!"

A few days ago, having a telephone in this house was only an idea. A husband talked it over with his wife. They decided to go ahead. Now the telephone is a reality — tangible, delightful, vitally important to the family that lives here. Tonight Mother can visit with her friends, talk to relatives miles away, call the doctor should he be needed.

A new neighbor has been linked with the millions of other telephone equipped homes that make America one neighborhood. Another household has discovered the security and convenience brought by the Bell System's unified service of communication.

• • •

Those who already have telephone service can save many steps each day — through the house, up and down stairs — by having extensions placed in those rooms which are most frequently used. Greater convenience, greater privacy, at small extra cost. Installations are quickly made. Just call the Business Office of your Bell Telephone Company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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NEW OUTLOOK

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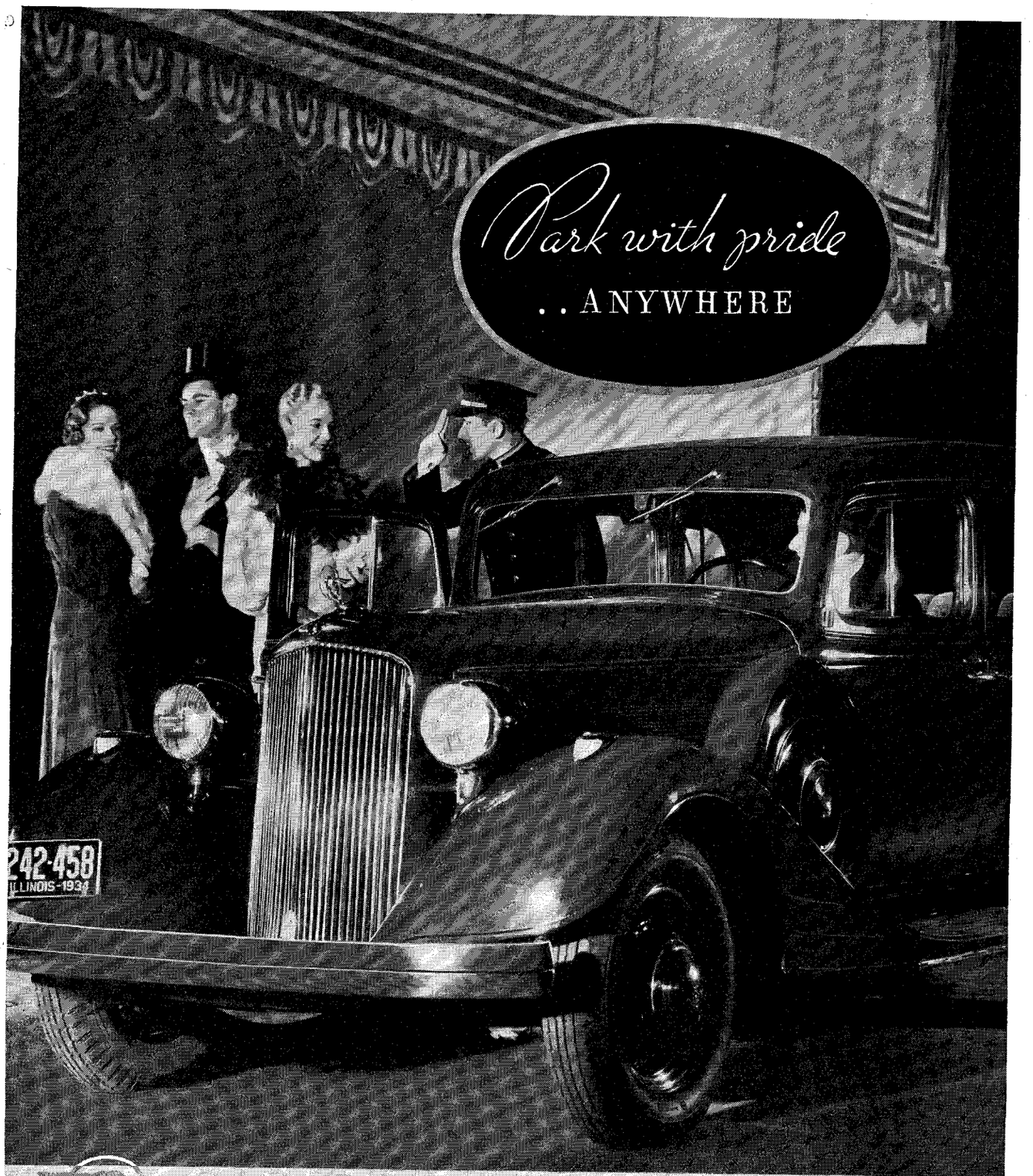

There's no more *beautiful* car in America than the new Pontiac Straight Eight . . . there's no *smoother* car . . . no car that is more *comfortable* . . . no car that is *easier to handle* . . . no car that has a *sturdier chassis* or *finer brakes.* That's what you will say when you drive a Pontiac. Pontiac is a big and *impressive* car . . . a car at home in *any* surroundings. Yet Pontiac *costs* but a few dollars more than the very lowest-priced cars.

List Prices at Pontiac, Michigan, $715 *and up. Illustrated above, the* 4*-door sedan,* $805. *Bumpers, spare tires, metal tire covers, tire locks, spring covers and trunk rack,* $77.50 *additional.*

PONTIAC

THE ECONOMY STRAIGHT EIGHT

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Looking Back At the New Deal

By James K. James

WE musn't lose faith. There will be a time, of course, when we *shall* look back upon it. If we cannot normally believe now that such a time ever will come, we should at least be able to do it from conviction of experience that nothing lasts forever. For it is not to be forgotten that though many who toiled in winter mud and summer muck, who were frightened breathing mustard gas, and who were appalled in "moments" without end at the forces which had put them in battle positions and which had subjected them to battle weariness, sometimes doubted that anyone ever would be privileged to look back upon the World War as a finished and completed thing, finally suffered and done with forever, many have done and can do just that today. So it will be sometime with our present experience.

The war is over! The nearly world wide hysteria which was the Armistice was nothing less than thousands of millions of people in the mass suddenly coming to grips with that enormous fact. It was the enormity of the idea which made it difficult to grasp quickly, and when realization did come, even with the victorious peoples, the emotional reaction was in the nature of a profound and shocking let down. And the reason for this is simple to assign. People who had dreamed once of victory as a dream too good to be true, who had shot off guns at each other in the name of outraged national honor, were given something better than victory; they were given cessation of hostilities, and in exchange had taken from them their uniforms, their epaulets, their Sam Browne belts and most delightful thing of all, their war frenzy and hysteria.

It was the taking away of that fine emotion of self-sacrifice given to us "for the duration" and under the exigencies of that emergency, which helped most to restore sanity and a pessimistic realization that the great destructive illumination of war was not worth the candle.

When that light failed, we bought no more candles at a total cost to us of some twenty-two billions of dollars. We didn't need them then for we were suddenly in the midst of a dawn, a very cold, a very gray, a very bitter dawn indeed. It was by the light of that dawn and in the light of the days which followed it that we began to read about the war, began to understand its stupidity, to grasp its appalling waste and to appreciate the selfishness and dishonesty of some of its most idealistic leaders.

Government Report No. 1400 on "Expenditures in the Ordnance Department," made to the third session of the 66th Congress, March, 1921, comprises some of the choicest and bitterest reading on our late unpleasantness. It tells among other things how war zeal produced two and a half curry combs for every horse in military service, gave us—at a price—195,000 branding irons for the 580,182 U. S. war horses, and how the Armistice caught the Ordnance

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unaware with 7,0000,000 pairs of shoes on hand!

Those who presumed to be appalled at such a condition of affairs were quickly reminded that after all war was an emergency, that the hundreds of thousands of people summoned to new posts could not be expected to possess any degree of efficiency whatever, that it was inevitable under the conditions of emergency that a youth who had been in training to be the American Michelangelo wound up serving his country in the capacity of company cook and that a hardware clerk was placed in charge of military camouflage. This indeed would seem to be the nature of emergencies, for in the New Deal one, we had as the man in charge of directing and administering the Code of Fair Competition for the Retail Trade a youth trained as a personnel manager of an automobile manufacturing company.

●

At the beginning of April of this year, for the first time since 1920, government personnel passed the 600,000 mark. When we come to look back on the New Deal, the record of inefficiency of this peace time army mobilized to fight the Depression should be every bit as high as that of the war time emergency civilian army. And for reading matter to place alongside of Government Report No. 1400 on "Expenditures in the Ordnance Department," to which reference has just been made, we shall have Government Document No. 145 of the 73rd Congress, "Operations of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation." This cheery little piece of government literature on what the New Dealers were able to do for us shows, as one example only, that it took forty people six to eight months to draft and make thirty-eight loans under the terms of that government organization known as the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. Tie that Army!

Studying this historic document further we learn that these thirty-eight loans made to home owners in Rhode Island amounted to $152,736, with the average amounting to a little over $4,000. The cost of making each average loan was then $767.00, or about 19 per cent of the face of the loan. Talk about your curry combs!

Then also, for reading after the show is over, there will be Document No. 140—73rd Congress, a report on the Emergency Hog Marketing Program. This will reveal, for those sufficiently interested to study it carefully, the fact that each pound of pork processed by the Government cost in the neighborhood of 34 cents per pound! This was the cost of processing at a time when pork was bringing only twelve to fourteen cents a pound in the retail markets, and a quantity of the government product was being used for railroad fill.

As we study both the War Emergency, formally declared by President Wilson, and the Depression Emergency, formally declared by President Roosevelt, we note how, for both, popular support was enlisted on the plea of idealism. There is no doubt that the majority of Americans participated in the war because they were persuaded to believe that it was to be the war to end wars. Of course, it wasn't exactly that as it turned out, but it made a nice slogan, every bit as good as that other ancient slogan, "We Do Our Part." There can be no doubt that it was through appeal to idealism fundamentally that the American people and American business agreed to accept the yoke of the NRA. Every group agreement drawn under that act was called a "Code of Fair Competition"—and that, indeed, would seem fair enough.

●

Looking back, let us see how this second experiment in American idealism worked. We will take as one specific example the code which both General Johnson and President Roosevelt frequently referred to as the most important of all codes. This was the code of fair competition for the retail trade, which was approved on October 21, 1933. This code sought to produce economic relief for approximately 1,000,000 merchants scattered throughout the country. This code and its "idealistic" handling by the Government is typical in that it professed to bring aid to one of our largest business groups. As for chaos to experiment upon, there was plenty of that. Beginning in 1928, one retailer out of every four had gone out of business, and those who were fortunate enough to survive suffered heavy business losses. It is reported that in 1932 the average American retailer lost five cents for every dollar sale, and in 1931 he was losing about three cents per dollar of volume. Here certainly was a situation which needed the comfort and protection of the spread wings of the blue eagle.

It was not to be assumed that ideal fair practices, the stoppage of ruthless price cutting and underselling, and the abolition of destructive advertising could instantly change the five cent loss in every dollar sale into a profit. The whole trouble with American retail merchandising does not rest there, but 97.4 per cent of merchants replying to a questionnaire sent out in the spring of 1933, by the National Retail Dry Goods Association, complained of recognized, unfair practices in their localities. The idealism of the NIRA certainly should have been helpful here.

●

When the New Deal is viewed from anything approaching the historic angle it is necessary to watch closely for the sudden disappearance of its vaunted idealism in the transference of the program for recovery from pure theory into attempted operation. There appears to have been a difference—and it is vast—between NIRA, the plan which industry in general approved, and NRA—more difference indeed than one small initial. The inefficiency of the untrained human element immediately becomes destructively effective. Sincerity and good intentions are no longer enough. There is the priceless comment of a much harassed Italian barber of that day who when asked his opinion of General Johnson replied, "Oh, he ees a one fine man; but he no know nothing about the barber biz."

The retail merchants of the country had reason to anticipate relief on their front in the light of the remarks of President Roosevelt early in 1933 to the United States Chamber of Commerce in the course of which he said, "You and I acknowledge the existence of unfair methods of competition, of cut-throat prices and of general chaos. You and I agree that this condition must be rectified and that order must be restored."

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Time, as someone has said, marches on. We come to that period of Depression War hysteria, when the blue eagle was flying high, and everyone's economic difficulty was to be solved with a code. The time—August, 1933. We find under way in Washington the public hearings on the Master Retail Code. The keynote of the code structure there finally drawn rested upon three idealistic points of reform which consisted of a proposal to abolish the following three trade evils:

BAIT-OFFERS (LOSS LEADERS)
DESTRUCTIVE ADVERTISING
GENERAL UNDERSELLING CLAIMS

But it is worth bearing in mind that the credit for this genuine idealism does not belong to the New Deal. It was conceived and recognized as early as 1931. All the credit which the New Deal can take is for sabotaging the entire program, as will be shown. It was in 1931 that the Better Business Bureaus of the country (representing fifty-one important cities) met in Cleveland to take group action against unfair practices in retail advertising and selling. It was in this meeting that the keystone structure of reform cited above was created. When the National Retail Dry Goods Association was asked in May, 1933, to submit a plan for a code to the National Recovery Administration, it adopted the three plank platform of the Better Business Bureaus as the basis of the fair-practice provisions of the code. A month later those three cardinal points were still present in the tentative Master Retail Code which was drawn by the six national retail associations.

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It was for the purpose of public discussion of this code that the August meeting was held in Washington. At that meeting there was only one dissenting voice heard in opposition to the fair-practice provisions. That was from the representative of R. H. Macy & Company, one of New York's largest department stores and which is the principal family property of Jesse I. Straus, the American Ambassador to France. Robert Straus, son of the Ambassador, was then executive assistant to General Johnson, and it was through him that the sincere carpenters of the retail code had to deal. Percy Selden Straus, executive vice-president of R. H. Macy & Company, was one of the most active workers for the maintenance of the status quo.

A press report of that time, which appeared in *"Women's Wear"* has this to say concerning the public hearing:

"During the hearing on the code about 200 witnesses testified for the stop loss provision, and we heard only one testify against it. The retail industry has been promised self-government by NRA. Its members had spent many thousands of dollars in gathering statistics to prove what was best for the industry. They made the best statistical showing of any industry that had held a hearing. They were supported by eminent economists and business analysts who are convinced that distribution will falter into chaos without the stop loss provision. . . . Actually, the hearing was merely a show window and meant little or nothing."

It was insisted by another commentator of that day that the drawing of all codes was as open and above-board as a gold fish display. If this is true, speaking generally, then in the case of the retail code, the gold fish were certainly taken out for a walk and the retailers for a ride.

The attack on the fair practice provisions of this code centered first upon the proposal to abolish that most serious of evils, the bait offer, or loss leader, the practice by which a merchant sells at loss or given away an item of merchandise in order to destroy his competitor's market and to lure into his store a customer who then can be sold goods upon which there is a decided, profitable mark-up. Ultimate destruction of all competition is one motive which can be imputed to a merchant who practically makes his entire stock into loss-leaders by advertising "everything sold at six per cent below all other stores."

The American mania for a "good bargain," or any bargain just so long as it is a bargain, was the power which held the loss leader in the chaotic picture of American merchandising. The desire of the majority of the country's merchants to have it removed by regulation was sincere beyond all question. The customer's interests, as was later charged, were not being ruthlessly tramped on. A sound business thinker of that day, Owen D. Young, ably pointed to the evils of too many bargains when he said, "Capital which overreaches for profits, labor which overreaches for wages or a public which overreaches for bargains will all destroy each other."

The government administrators for the retail code early became aware of what form and direction their "idealism" should take in this important matter of the loss-leader, the ruinous bargain. They admitted its evil power but were reluctant to put any teeth into the code which could destroy it. They reached into the high hat of officialdom and pulled out the strangest of the strange white rabbits of New Deal economies. The proposal, which fortunately was laughed out of court, was to leave the right to advertise loss-leaders untouched, but to add thereto the conditioning right that before the customers were permitted to avail themselves of the advertised opportunity any merchant competing with the one who had advertised should have the privilege of buying the entire stock at the announced bargain prices!

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About the time the public hearings on the retail code ended, Ambassador Straus suddenly left his post in Paris and returned to America. It was reported that he was ill, as he no doubt was, and that he was coming to the United States for the express purpose of submitting to an operation. He did not have that operation, but he did visit Washington.

Shortly thereafter the National Recovery Administration began rolling up, in its own fashion, the so-called Code of Fair Competition for the retail trade. The stooges of the New Deal, those amusing clowns who get in the way and produce humor but little else in going through the motions of being helpful, now appeared upon the scene. They came in the guise of those who were supposed to be representing the interest of the consumers. It was pretended that up until that moment the consumer interest had not been considered in the drawing up of the retail code, and it was from behind the Consumers Advisory Board that the indirect and subtle attack was begun upon a code of which 99 per cent of the retailers of America had approved. It was entirely incorrect to intimate that the consumer had not been heard at the August public hearings. The consumer representative present at the hearing was Mrs. W. E. Fribley, president of the Chicago Housewives League,

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who heartily endorsed the fair practice provisions. Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, sent the following telegram from the Far West:

"We are in favor of any practical provision which will stop the evil of the loss-leader which misleads shoppers into believing that low prices prevail throughout a store when, in all probabilities, the shopper loses her 'savings' in the unduly higher cost of other goods."

On October 21, 1933, a "code of fair competition for the retail trade" as approved by President Roosevelt was formally announced and this was the kiss of death to the noble attempt to give self-government to an important American business. It was a shock and a delusion to those who had believed that at long last bait offers, destructive advertising and general underselling claims were finally to be eliminated from the merchandising business of America; and it was a delusion, indeed, to those who had applauded the then Deputy Administrator A. D. Whiteside when he referred to the code as originally drawn as "the greatest trade agreement ever made."

The fair-trade provisions of the original code were materially altered in the code that was signed by the President. The paragraph dealing with "loss-leaders" was mysteriously rewritten in language which appeared to be ambiguous to say the least. Among the paragraphs dealing with destructive advertising the provision against "attacking" copy was emasculated. The paragraph against the use of general underselling claims was changed, permitting the use of these claims provided they are "accurate," which, technically meant giving government sanction to a practice which always had been frowned upon by reputable merchants.

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It is noteworthy that General Hugh S. Johnson, NRA Administrator, in the rush of those busy days of war against the Depression said in his letter of transmittal, "The code has the approval of a substantial portion of the retail trade," and left the distinct impression that this was agreement drawn by the six retail associations. This in the face of the obvious facts, first, that there were substantial differences between the code drawn by the retailers and the one approved by the President, and, second, that out of several thousand replies received after the publishing of the *original* code less than one-half of one per cent were unfavorable to the fair practice provisions which the retailers had submitted.

And the retailers accepted the "approved code" without complaint because it was understood that the time was one of emergency, a time when everyone should stand behind the President. General Johnson, however, was queried as to how and in what manner that weazel word "inaccurately," which eats the idealistic heart out of the entire code, was slipped into the clause dealing with the advertising of general underselling claims and the following customarily curt reply was received from the doughty General, who appears at that date, November 4, in the year 1933, to have been in considerable haste to accept all the behind-the-scenes responsibility:

"I myself wrote the word inaccurately into the Retail Code before the President had signed it. I did it on my own responsibility. How can anybody attack it justly? All I am interested in is truth. Has anybody else another interest?"

Well, now that the General mentions it, it would seem, looking back on it all, that the retail merchants of America did have another interest—an interest not at all necessarily in conflict with that great virtue for which General Johnson expresses so much fondness. They were interested in the abolition of unfair methods of competition, of cut-throat prices and of general chaos. They had been vitally interested in it as early as 1931, if not earlier. And President Roosevelt had reminded them in the spring of 1933, in just those words, that they were so interested.

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As with many other industries, which voluntarily submitted to government control in the name of emergency, the retailers were not allowed to govern their own industry according to the experience and judgment of 99 per cent of their number. The code they were given was, in the last analysis, written to the interest of an extremely small minority which was geared alone to do business under the old cut-throat, cut-price methods. For at least six months after the signing of the code, thousands of items were being sold in the retail stores of America at less than cost, at prices which made no provision for the promised higher wages to labor.

In viewing the World War down the corridor of time, in the perspective of history, that event takes on its most ironic features when considered in the light of wasted money, wasted effort and wasted lives lost in the conviction that the sacrifice was made in the belief that there would be no more wars. In viewing the NRA in the same light, it takes on its most ironic and pitiful aspects when we consider the monies and effort expended to achieve the fake idealism of many of the so-called codes of fair practice. It is little wonder that respect for the Blue Eagle disappeared so quickly from the land.

"I myself wrote the word 'inaccurately' into the Retail Code before the President had signed it. I did it on my own responsibility. How can anybody attack it justly?"

Those should stand among the historic words of New Dealism. If the General did it, of course, it was all right. They take on a particularly quaint and ironic ring when read in connection with yet another document on New Dealism. This is also required reading. It is an official bulletin of the NRA issued in that far off time, July 20, 1933. Therein the diligent reader will find the following: "Industry and trade associations are permitted to organize for *self-government,* to wipe out unfair practices and to discipline themselves. Nothing will be permitted to slow-up that process."

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So We Gave Them the Banks

By Edward Angly

What has happened to our banks since the new administration closed and then reopened them? Mr. Angly's survey of the current banking situation he sums up himself with the statement, "Keeping up with the Jesse Jones."

HAVING failed, under Herbert Hoover, to achieve enduring prosperity either by proclamation or incantation, is the country now to try prosperity by paternalism and compulsion? So it would seem from the recent words and actions of Mr. Jesse Jones, the Texas promoter.

As chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Mr. Jones has been shoveling out your spondulix and mine—and the wealth the next generation may or may not create—by the billions of dollars. The rotting financial structure of the railroads having been bolstered up by public funds, many a withered bank having been rejuvenated by the pumping of Federal money into its hardened arteries, Mr. Jones seemingly has set out to try to bluff and bull-doze and coerce the surviving banks of the nation into the same sort of lunatic lending that the RFC and other Federal agencies have practiced. Strutting his little hour upon the public stage, he tries to scare the bankers into believing that if they don't loan out their depositors' money more freely, the government will gobble up all of them.

Exactly eleven months from the day on which every bank in the United States had its doors closed by Presidential proclamation, Mr. Jones pontifically announced that the Depression was over. At the same time, in a speech in New York, he told the bankers of the country, in substance, that if they didn't loosen up and make risky loans, the government would take over the banking business and do so.

In considerable degree, the government already has done so, as every farmer, railroad president and mortgage investor is well aware. With the inconsistency of a little man full of big talk, Mr. Jones, in the next breath, was piously asserting that the calling of a banker "should be little less sacred than that of the minister." With evangelical smugness, he went on to pronounce that banking "should be more a profession than a business involved with speculation." Still he would have commercial banks plunge again into water beyond their depth. He had in mind, he said, that commercial banks, as a contribution to the recovery program, ought to make loans that "normally would not be liquidated within a few months." The government, he remarked, "should not be forced to become the banker for every deserving borrower in the United States." He could have added that Uncle Sam already is the banker to scads of undeserving borrowers.

As for the deserving kind, every good banker in the country is on the look-out for them, eager to get their respected signatures on a dotted line and shell out to them some of the money stacked in the safe. The deserving borrower, as seldom before, is in a deserving borrowers' market. Deposits in all parts of the country are mounting each month, but loans and discounts are diminishing. Everywhere bankers are avidly snapping up what little good commercial paper they can find. Total holdings of the twelve Federal Reserve banks combined in bills discounted and bought amounted, on April 4, 1934, to only $73,000,000—the lowest figure since the Reserve System's first year of existence.

Throughout the country the deserving borrower is getting his deserts today at the lowest interest rates he has enjoyed for many a moon. By deserving borrower I mean (and I presume Mr. Jones also means), one who has both the capacity and the will to repay what he borrows. In the distributing center that is St. Louis, thirteen months after Roosevelt's inauguration, large wholesale houses of good standing are obtaining ninety day commercial loans at 1½ per cent. In small towns through the mid-West and the South banks are putting out part of their earnings to pay for newspaper advertisements intended to make the farmer and the merchant aware of the fact that the bank has plenty of money available for enterprises in which persons able and willing to pay their loans are engaged. It was lending generously to the other sort of borrower that sent to the wall most of the 15,000 American banks which failed between 1922 and 1933.

Of course, I wouldn't expect Mr. Jones to agree to that, not, at least, in public. Like all promoters, he prefers to blame the collapse of the banking structure of the nation in the Hoover era, not to mismanagement, over-optimism, bad banking practices, stupidity, greed and sometimes downright dishonesty, but rather to "conditions." As though other countries didn't suffer somewhat simiar "conditions" without having their banks shot out from under them! Now, Mr. Jones says, the whoop-la "conditions" of recovery justify the banker in lending a more willing ear to the boys who want him to lend them something

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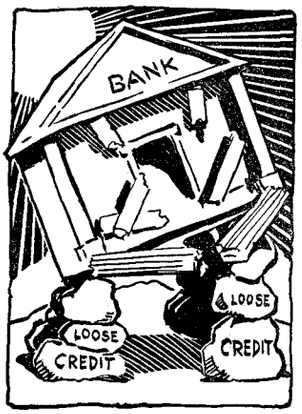

more negotiable than an ear.

Being a promoter, it is natural that Mr. Jones should advocate, as a means of putting the country on its feet, plenty of loose credit—the very stuff that put it on its back. A few weeks ago he sent over to the Senate Banking Committee a suggested bill that would authorize the RFC to furnish working capital to, or help refinance or expand, any commercial or industrial outfit employing more than ten men! It probably won't get on the statute books if for no other reason than because the principles of Carter Glass, of Virginia, still carry more weight than those of Huey Long, of Louisiana.

Through the past autumn and winter, Mr. Jones, sometimes by request, but quite frequently by intimidation or bluff, hurled more than one billion dollars of public money into the new fandanged preferred stock of banks. Few of the banks which swallowed the stuff needed it, or even desired it. Altogether the RFC has acquired preferred stock or capital notes in 6,000 banks—or four out of every ten that remain in business. Hundreds of these institutions already had on hand more cash than they knew what to do with. Some banks were induced by the RFC to issue preferred stock—and permit the RFC to buy it—just to set an example for others reluctant to sell part of their souls to the government even though their capital structures did require bolstering. As Mr. Jones expressed it, though some of the larger banks were tardy and hesitant in kicking in to the RFC's preferred stock program, "when it was made clear to them that they could render a public service and incidentally one that in all probability would redound to their own good, they became patriotic and joined the program, many not actually needing the capital." Patriotism, it would seem, is the last refuge of the promoter, also.

Most informed depositors would prefer, I think, for bankers to continue operating their institutions with an eye to the profit motive rather than with a view to serving their credit-crazed country. If that be treason to the New Deal, let Mr. Jones make the most of it.

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Whatever he knows or ignores in the broad economic picture of his country, he must be well conversant with the situation in his own home town, the city he helped so prominently to promote and build and boost—the city of Houston, Texas. Perhaps as a consequence of pursuing easy credit policies, two of the banks in that city are owned outright today by the government of the United States, or its agencies. One of the two is the institution headed by the president of the American Bankers Association, Francis Marion Law. It was there, in Houston, during the New Era, that Mr. Jones promoted skyscrapers and other enterprises for which, in some cases, bonds of an amount beyond the actual cost of the properties were floated through the country—some of them being scattered about among private investors by the now blown-up house of S. W. Straus & Company. Mr. Jones should know, at first-hand, where leads the road of over-expansion. Yet, having acquired the mantle of public office, and a title that propels his name onto the front pages, he asks the banks, under a bluffing threat that the government may supplant them, to be more free in making credit available to business and industry.

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Current indices of the Federal Reserve System and of other pulse feeling and statistic gathering agencies point to Mr. Jones's home town as the whitest spot on the gradually brightening economic picture of the Republic. Yet, even in Houston, what industries are able to demonstrate to a hardheaded banker a need for much expansion? Let the answer come from another banker of that city, a banker whose institution required no moratorium, no succor from Uncle Sam, a banker who long before such a stop gap device as a "holiday" had been thought of, was called upon to help refloat neighboring financial structures driven onto the rocks by promotor pilots. The sage and sound banker to whom I refer is R. M. Farrar, president of Houston's Union National Bank.

In a recent conversation he said to me:

"From Washington, and from our Main Street as well, we are continually being told that more credit is needed to build up industry. Well, now, take Texas as an example, and let us see. Our biggest industry is cotton. Isn't the government doing everything in its power to contract rather than expand that industry, to cut down production rather than increase it? Last year the farmers were paid to destroy cotton. This year they are being paid for not planting it. Our second industry is oil. There, again, is not production being restricted with each field prorated, the maximum flow of each well held down by government decree. Next comes lumber. No call for expansion there. After that, cattle and hogs. The complaint is that there is an overproduction of both. For rice, the story is the same. Those are our big industries in this part of the country. Not a one of them has need for expansion. In the wheat belt the situation is similar. In the corn and hog country, the government is putting out millions of dollars to get a reduced production."

While Mr. Jones berates bankers for tightening the credit strings, another government authority, the Comptroller of the Currency, demands in thousands of instances that loans be called or reduced. Thus the banker finds himself damned if he does loan liberaly, and damned if he doesn't. Bank examiners, both national and State, winked at careless credits and preposterous promotions during the Coolidge and Hoover regimes. They withheld correction and censure from banks which were wildly tossing the money of depositors into the winds of a false prosperity. They permitted many a bank which should have been closed to remain open. They allowed countless loans that should have been called or written off as a loss to run along, listed on the ledgers at unjustifiable and misleading valuations.

But once the horse was stolen, these guardians of the money stables began locking the credit doors. Talk to any sound banker and he will tell you that since the crisis of March, 1933, the supervisory authorities have been more strict in respect to loans and more pessimistic in appraising the value of security offered for loans than at any time in his memory. I know of banks which were thoroughly sound and solvent every blessed day through the entire New Era and have remained that way since the inauguration of

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the New Deal, banks which had never received a word of criticism from the Comptroller's office on any loan until quite recently. I have read some of those letters, and have discussed the loans complained about with the bankers who extended them. The examiners complain of loans from which no substantial cut has been made for a year, even when the security is more than adequate, the endorsers demonstrably capable of liquidating the debt at any time, and the loan of a nature which Mr. Jones insists is so badly needed—that is, a credit to a merchant or an industry in the banker's own neighborhood. There are many such loans in the portfolios of every good bank, loans on which interest payments are promptly and fully met, loans to businesses that are perfectly solvent, but which would have to shut up shop if the loans were suddenly called.

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From such loans banks make their profits and remain in operation. It is of course, an admirable and a proper thing for the supervisory authorities to be watchful lest a bank let itself in, through over-optimism or laxity, for losses; but there are other ways for a bank to go broke besides taking losses. It can go broke by not making enough to pay the expenses of operation. That is a sufficient motive to make every banker who knows his business not only willing, but eager, to lend to sound borrowers. He doesn't need an appeal to his "patriotism" to induce him to look around for opportunities to make money.

The Depression, the slowing down in all industries and business, and the general all-around writing down or wiping out of values in this country, reduced those opportunities immensely. But the government itself has also reduced them. Its various lending agencies have pre-empted more than one field formerly irrigated by credits from private sources. With Uncle Sam paying the farmer cold cash in the spring not to grow a certain crop in the summer, he has less need to borrow from a bank in order to plant something else and carry him on to the harvest. One government agency lends the farmer money with which to buy seed. Another government agency pays him for not planting seed. A third government agency, the Farm Credit Association, offers the agriculturist, be he tenant farmer or the actual owner, credits on all manner of farming projects or operations.

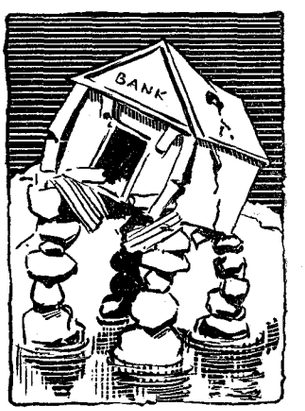
This year another government agency "rents" land from farmers in order to keep it out of cultivation. Not long ago in the courthouse of a rural county I passed an enlightening afternoon poring over the records of mortgages filed. In number, the mortgages filed by government agencies of one sort or another almost equalled those recorded in the names of the half dozen banks in the county. Whether an observer looked over a dozen mortgage records or several hundred, one thing was obvious: the government agents were lending, in general, larger sums to individual farmers than were the banks, and they were asking less security. The rate of interest required by the FCA was lower than that demanded by the banks. The banks, of course, must consider the cost of collection, and make allowances for off-setting some losses; otherwise they will eventually go out of business. The government, as the RFC and other agencies will soon teach us all, can pass the losses along to the solvent citizen in the form of taxes.

The county of which I write is one that had no bank failures either during the spending sunburst of the twinkling Twenties or the economic eclipse of these early Thirties. Its bankers have proven themselves judicious men of integrity. Had they extended through the years the sort of credits to farmers which the government is scattering so carelessly in their county today, they would no longer have any banks in which to be bankers. It was largely easy credit policies towards the planters which broke by the thousands the small town banks of the mid-West and South.

And who are the men in charge of dishing out the government dollars on farm loans? For the most part, in the sections with which I am most familiar, they are farmers or ex-farmers. Now a farmer worth his furrows isn't likely to have time to be a fiscal agent on the side. The other kind of farmer is even less likely to be equipped for the task. Some of the spittoon-sharpshooters who, through political influence, have obtained government jobs in the lending racket, are looking out for themselves in making loans. I know of one, let us call him Mr. Browne, who agreed to advance a farmer $225 of government money so that he could buy a pair of mules. From whom were the mules purchased? You guessed it. From Mr. Browne.

Another field in which private credit might be useful is occupied by the government's Home Loan Corporation. The real estate mortgage business is as dead as the 100-cent dollar. So it will remain as long as government executives, state and national, have the power to declare moratoriums at will. Many bankers who had got far out on the real estate limb have been saved from a fall by such government agencies as the Federal Land Bank. If the surviving bankers are shy about crawling out on other kinds of credit limbs it is not because they are afraid, as the boosters and New Dealers and promoters contend, but because they have seen what happened to the ex-bankers of yesteryear who mistook the desire for credit to be a credit need, and forgot that the two basis of credit are profits and character. Whatever else patriotism may be, it is not a basis of credit. If it were, the United States would never have gone off the gold standard. If it were, the Treasury would not have debauched the Federal Reserve System by using it to operate a pool in government securities.

Of Raymond Moley's musing and Mr. Jones's bluffing upon the possibility that it may become necessary to take banking out of private hands and put the government in charge of all credits, it can at least be said that such a development would be fairly logical in view of the increasing socialization of the United States. Yesterday it was the individual who was living beyond his means, mortgaging his future, spending wealth that had not been created. Today it is the government that does it—largely because the government has taken from the shoulders of the individual and the private corporation some of the debt which he or it had no business to contract and which they are incapable of carrying. But the burden is still there. The debt still endures and expands. The individual's follies created the deplorable, the disgraceful "conditions" which caused the Depression. It is the govern-



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ment's squanderings and its entry into the lush meadows of easy credit that are now producing "conditions" of an artificial prosperity in many sections. The government is doing today the very things which most men conceed were the mistakes of the individual and the private corporation yesterday.

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Certainly in the field of banking its agencies are aping not the practices of the soundest of the fifteen thousand banks which remain open in the United States, but rather, the practices of the other fifteen thousand which went to the wailing wall in the twelve years ended by the historic "holiday." Meanwhile it is the commercial banks that are underwiring the New Deal deficit rolling merrily upward at the rate of almost one billion dollars a month.

Furthermore, the government has embarked upon an imitation of the eight States which set up funds to guaranty bank deposits. Each of those eight experiments ended as a costly failure even before the Depression began. In his preaching to the bankers of the nation, Mr. Jones used the deposit insurance as an additional argument to persuade them away from "extreme liquidity." It will be worth, he said, whatever it costs. Of such stuff is the New Philosophy made. Before we give up the 59 cent dollar for a dollar worth even less—and that day seems not distant —someone ought to write a theme song for the New Philosophy of paternalism. Until such a song is written, I suggest that we might all avail ourselves of a ditty of long ago, which ran, "We're Going Crazy, Don't You Want to Come Along?"

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Unbelievable!

Unbelievable and also not to be believed is much of what we hear and read of national motives and intentions today. It is probably, just propaganda, on the basis of the findings of the writer who reveals the secret propaganda plans of Germany, Japan, Italy and other countries.

by Anthony North

A NEW star is rising in the universe of international affairs. Not as yet fully disclosed to the naked eye —nor is it ever intended to be—it emerges as the fogs and mists of insincere peace talk break and are blown away from about a troubled world to cast its own particular kind of baleful light upon the relationships of men one with another. It is not a new phenomenon, but rather an ancient power once again in the ascendancy. There is much work and a great deal of mischief to be done today by the propagandists of many nationals, and as we observe them at the beginning of this new work day they appear to be extremely active about their labors.

Before proceeding to a disclosure of some of the more important international propaganda plots just recently hatched, the effects of which the ultimate *consumer* of propaganda—that is to say, you and I—are already beginning to feel and will feel more tomorrow, and more yet the day after, it would seem worth while first to be sure that we understand the importance and significance of this effort of men and nations just at this time.

It is not presumed to assert that propaganda by individual nations is in any sense a new thing. It is as old as international communications, of any and all kinds. In one sense it goes on continuously, uninterruptedly, and in war time even more intensively than in peace time. But just now, for special reasons, it has a great importance, greater than at any time since the first World War. The reason for this: the imminent collapse of the house of peace built so energetically in the last decade out of the visiting cards of the diplomats.

A man who talks war in the midst of seeming peace may be a jingoist, or—as the current popular line of thought has it—just a tool of the munitions trust. But anyone who refuses to believe in the existence of the invisible forces of propaganda, which are constantly at work to change and to mold the form of his thinking, is the easiest kind of victim of propaganda. Have any considerable number of Americans troubled to pause to think what use, through distortion, of course, may be being made today on the other side of the world of the simple fact that the United States is the sort of nation which defaults on her promise to pay in gold while her banks are bursting with the stuff? A nice little idea there.

Just as in man's study of the astronomic universe it is no doubt a handicap that he cannot be in many places at the same time, but must draw his comprehension of a multi-dimensional universe from a fixed spot on the top of some tall mountain, so it is equally difficult to grasp the meaning of world propaganda through the intelligence of a given individual, bounded as he is in almost all cases, at the utmost limits, by national interest and patriotism.

A New York newspaper columnist, Franklin P. Adams, recently reported to his readers a conversation which he had with a taxicab driver who had driven him home from attendance at an anti-war propaganda play. Of the two in the moving cab, Mr. Adams alone had seen the play, but the driver himself was not exactly untouched by the star dust of universal propaganda.

No, *siree,* no more war for me, the driver confided, with emphasis, to his fare. They ain't gettin' me to fight in any more wars, unless, of course, it's the Japs! The diplomats and the agents of Japan are trying desperately today to get in touch with that New York taxicab driver—and several million more of his fellow men.

"It is our duty to detest and loathe the people of the United States. There is no need to employ honey-coated words or high sounding expressions. We must speak out frankly and without reserve. 'Our enemy is the United States of America! Arise! Exert yourselves! Prepare for the coming Japanese-American war. We must chastise our enemy, the United States of America."

Thus speaks Lieutenant-General Kiokatsu Sato, formerly of the Imperial Japanese Army—not today, but in 1932. Apparently he didn't like us, but if he is of the same mind today, his government is making a supreme effort to keep his mouth shut. In the year in which those fighting words were spoken, a large number of Japanese, and not a few of the most influential newspapers of Japan, were talking in a similar vein. But not today, because in the interim the United States has adopted a realistic Pacific policy, has recognized Russia and has made plans to build her navy to treaty strength. Those intervening events place an entirely different aspect upon the situation—one which from the Japanese viewpoint requires the services of the ablest propagandists which she can command. And if one is to

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judge by the speed with which many, many American publications are filling up with soft-talk from, about and by Japanese, they *are* able, or the controllers of the American press are very dumb indeed.

In the war of international propaganda (current phase) what can one believe? Very little, it would seem.

There is nothing on the record to show that Mr. Adams's taxi chauffeur ever had the opportunity of reading Lieutenant General Kiokatsu Sato's phillipic on the American people, either in the original or in rough translation. How he ever succeeded in working up such a swell hatred for his little brown brother must remain a mystery. But there is a school of thought, and not a small one, which undertakes to prove that this taxi driver about whom we have been talking is the victim of propaganda, pure and simple. It is the contention of this group, and that contention is stated here, merely for the record, nothing more, that General Sato is a myth (*nothing less!*) and that there is no great or serious amount of anti-American war feeling in Japan. Then why do many Americans in the mass feel as they do today about Japan? And the answer is: Russian propaganda.

Before exploring further along these crossed, double-crossed and triple-crossed lines which seek today the correct, desired maladjustment in the relations between Russia, Japan and the United States, let us look first at the secret instructions recently issued in Berlin for the latest German propaganda campaign.

These instructions, which have been issued by Propaganda Minister Goebbels, place special emphasis upon subtlety. The main target is America. Nothing blatant, like a favorable book about or by Hitler, is to be tried. Many publishers are now seeking such a book. It is doubtful if one ever appears.

A plan for such a book by Hitler had been made tentatively by one American publisher and was under serious consideration by the German consulate in New York when instructions on the new Goebbels plan were received in this country. All negotiations for the book were immediately cancelled and the German consulate declined suddenly even to discuss further this undertaking.

Under the secret program, the New York consulate and not the German embassy in Washington is made the New World headquarters of the propaganda offensive. The underlying structure of the plan is not support for Hitlerism, nor Facism, but a preparing of foreign minds, and particularly those of Americans, as to the rightness of Germany's effort to abrogate the Treaty of Versailles. It is to foster any and all beginnings of an anti-Semitic movement in this country, if for no other reason than eventually to bring a majority of Americans some day to a line of thought which will say in effect, "You know after all maybe the Germans weren't so far wrong." The astute German propagandists have no objection to any number of Jewish-inspired Hitler protest meetings in this country, knowing full well that many of these contain the seeds of a possible anti-Semitic movement in America. The thought here simply follows the figure of a pendulum's swing, and the further poetic figure of speech, "M'seems he doth protest too much."

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The tea party at Goebbels's palace in early spring to members of the American press corps in Berlin was not exclusively an attempt upon the part of the German propagandists to explain the reason for a strict press censorship in Germany today. It was in every sense the "peace party" which it seemed to be, for the American correspondents had felt for many months that they were getting a raw deal under Hitlerism and they had not been sparing in their efforts to let the world know how bad Hitlerism really was. But it was more even than this. It was the fulfilment of the first step in the new German propaganda campaign. That step, and a most important one, is the creation of a favorable world press for Germany, particularly through the instrument of the American press associations. Those who know the integrity of these associations are quite confident of early and quick failure for this phase of the campaign which in the secret instructions is spoken of quite frankly as subsidizing and bribing the American press.

The German plan makes unique use of the fact that a section of the Trading with the Enemy Act, of war time American legislation, which requires the periodic publication of information concerning the ownership of American newspapers and magazines, is still in force. It recommends the frequent dissemination of false reports, that certain German-owned publications are *not* in sympathy with the Hitler movement. This would indeed appear to be the quintessence of subtlety. But in handling the task of propaganda in the United States the German propagandists are warned in the secret instructions that such subtlety and prudence is necessary because "Jewish influence upon public life is greater there than elsewhere."

Next to newspaper men the second objective of the German propaganda attack is to be through students and through youth generally. The particular brand of propaganda recommended here is the indirect, or "negative" type. American youth is to be sold the idea of French "perfidy" in the matter of debt defalcation.

The long standing failure of this country to institute any definite program of "public instruction and information" in South America and the remissness of the United States ever to bother to explain herself or her economic or national motives to the Latin-Americans are to be heavily traded upon. It would seem that this planned outflanking movement is the most practical plank in the present German program.

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The current fiscal and political chaos in France has destroyed all but the skeleton structure of what was once an extremely strong foreign propaganda organization. On the American front it relies now on the school textbook axiom that France is one of the few first ranking powers with which the United States has never been in major armed conflict, and also upon the sentimentality of that priceless American-manufactured propaganda salute, "Lafayette, we are here!" Most foreign countries in which American press correspondents are resident never fail to play up to and foster insofar as national interests permit the whims and vanities of such pressworkers. The flattery of foreign decorations is frequently resorted to, France making

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particular use of the Napolean-founded Legion of Honor to this end.

But the most active spokesmen of the French cause in America are self-appointed Francophiles — the exchange French professors, both men and women. But France officially has been quite lax for some time concerning the creation of a favorable French viewpoint in this country, and has suffered considerably as a result. She has never bothered with any serious effort to square herself with the American taxpayers for her forgetfulness in the matter of her war borrowings. The means to "official" French propagandizing, however, is still in existence, is still to be found in the extremely wobbly French budget under the heading of *Les Fonds Secrets,* which is always passed without question by the Chamber of Deputies. This fund has been used extensively in the Orient, and it most effectively financed the Separatist Movement in the Rhineland.

A serious failure of the usually quite competent British propaganda occurred with the American recognition of Russia. For some time previous to the friendly meeting of Soviet Foreign Minister Litvinoff and President Roosevelt in the White House, most British propaganda worked for the creation of an unfavorable attitude by Americans toward Soviet Russia. It is against the account of American newspapers that in their attempt to present the fullest possible reports on the very interesting Moscow trial of the six Metropolitan Vickers engineers they ordered and accepted many feature and sidelight stories from London newspapers. Most of these reflected unfairly the then current British anti-Soviet feeling, and were not always completely accurate as to facts.

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And so again, at the beginning of a particularly intensive phase of the war of international propaganda, it is worth repeating the query of the perplexed, intended victim: What can a man believe? The safest procedure would seem to be to believe nothing, unless one is equipped with some slight working knowledge of the current economic, political and even military objectives of the various nations. If you know what a man engaged in hard bargaining is really after, what he is really trying to get and how badly he wants it, you are in a better position to understand the reason for his various moves. For example, Italy, at the moment, is particularly desirous of lining up the important "white nations" of the world in a program to prevent Japan's invasion of world markets. In the propaganda being used to this end much is being said about Japan as a cheap labor menace, little or nothing about silk. But it is the silk which Italy is really interested in. In the matter of cheap labor, Italy is not so bad herself. But something more important to know is that Italy has placed under warehouse lock and key Italy's entire silk output for the present season. Release of these stocks is being held up pending the outcome of the attempt to create some kind of international market boycott against Japan.

There is evidence enough at least to justify the suspicion that there is a propaganda force emanating from England today which has as its objective the building in the minds of English-speaking peoples the idea that the new Germany is cursed with all of the ruthless militaristic thought of the old Imperial Germany. In America this effort impinges directly upon the anti-Hitler movement, but this is not its real goal. That goal would appear to be the turning back of the German attack upon the Treaty of Versailles. Its most recent effort was the publication almost simultaneously in this country and in England of a ruthlessly militaristic German work describing the Nazi theory of national defense.

Walter Millis, author of *"The Martial Spirit,"* in his review of this work in a recent issue of the *"New York Herald-Tribune Books,"* wrote, "One confesses, however, that the real interest of this very dull yet very interesting publication lies in the fact that it has been published at all. It may be hard to read, but its existence in English translation raises many fascinating issues as to the origin, character and operation of modern propaganda, which need not by any means be something consciously planned, much less paid for by some ulterior hand."

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Perhaps not consciously planned any more than the soldier going over the top is *consciously* carrying out a plan to get a nice war medal, but the intrigue, scheming and perfect timing by which this extremely damaging (to the Nazis) book was whisked out of Germany one jump ahead, as Mr. Millis himself knows, of Dr. Goebbels's watchful censors indicates, at least, a consciousness of what swell propaganda it will make. And promptly upon its publication German authorities took the trouble to deny that the author was an official Nazi instructor in military science.

On the subject of "preparation by propaganda," this textbook of the Hitler military plan has this to say, "The things to be done are: setting up centers in foreign capitals; literary propaganda getting up effective films; putting up public utility buildings, e.g., reading rooms or drinking fountains or industrial institutes, as the case may be."

The suggestion about the public buildings would rather indicate that the author is no Mahan, but if he has the right idea for the modern day he will have to put up a heap of public buildings to checkmate the work already done by the anti-Hitler propagandists.

And there is a point always to be borne in mind; a cause important enough to enlist the services of propagandists is usually of sufficient importance to call for the employment of counter-propagandists. And in this case, taking the furthering of the Hitler cause in America as the primary movement, one is reminded to inquire from whence is coming the money which makes possible the placing on the American lecture circuit of every anti-Hitlerite author or lecturer immediately upon his return to this country?

"Spy scares" and the unexpected discovery of "international espionage rings" are more often factors of foreign propaganda programs than any sudden realization on the part of one government that other governments are pursuing the age-old practice of spying. France in her more or less recently acquired bungling fashion was on her way to a bad mishandling of the case of the American Switzes when this trick of propaganda was resorted to. For some reason the Switzes in the early stages of the affair stirred up a

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considerable amount of sympathetic interest among the Parisians. Comment and twice reflected thought began to make it appear as if the French authorities were persecuting American citizens. Pure propaganda was then called into play, by having the French police solemnly announce that the Switzes were merely members of an international spy ring. The object of this was to dampen any rising emotions of patriotism and affronted nationalism in the United States. The phony police report said that Poles, Swedes and Germans were all workers in the ring and arrests were imminent in various places in Europe. A little later the French police overplayed their hand in this matter by solemnly stating that American authorities in New York had been requested to coöperate and that important arrests might also be expected there at any moment. But inquiry of these latter authorities revealed no such thing—they had not been asked to assist, they knew nothing whatever of the case. Propaganda, just propaganda.

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It is essential for the wary to realize that everything which is taken into the mind and accepted as truth may prove to be, upon closer examination, a well spent arrow of propaganda. We will take as one small example the European conflict of 1914-18. It is not in the writer's knowledge that the sincere workers for world peace ever considered the establishment of an "official" name for that conflagration as of enough importance to engage their busy, if sometimes flighty and impractical, minds; nor would all other minds, particularly those most worth reaching, namely those of youth, be identically impressed by the instrument to be used here. It will be remembered, however, that the war-intoxicated were wont to call it "the greatest show on earth," and that the under-aged wept because they could not get to this "greatest show on earth."

It seems psychologically reasonable to assume that youth fodder intended for the next war would not be quite so inclined to go in the future to the "second best show on earth." It seems to the writer at least that a constant emphasis upon the gargantuan characteristics of the last slaughter, stressing the improbability of ever repeating it and the subtle driving-home to a generation which has not yet tasted war, that the "greatest show on earth" has already been staged, is long over and that there will never be another like it, would do considerable to deter a too ready response to look up enlisting booths when the bugles blow again. In this respect the term The Great War is effective, and The World War even better. Laurence Stallings disclosed his genius when he called his anti-war propaganda picture book "The First World War," but it is true that the ironic subtlety of this may very easily be lost upon many.

It will be recalled that the publication in this country of Remarque's *"All Quiet on the Western Front"* was widely hailed as a devastating weapon in the cause of anti-war propaganda. Sight, however, appeared to have been lost that this was an adult reaction. It is at least arguable that there was much of heroism and patriotism for the youthful mind to feed upon in Remarque's gory realism. It would seem that the most effective book against war would be one which treated with bitter humor the absurdity and the wastage of armed conflict, with no preaching against war and with heavy overtones of irony. It has yet to be produced. It will require the pen of a Voltaire or an Anatole France.

More has been done to this end with the use of the material of the first World War in this country than elsewhere, more perhaps than is safe for our national welfare in view of the failure of world disarmament. Here the horrors, the suffering and in a measure the stupidity, of war is being taught to the rising generation. Not so in Europe. The motion picturization of *"All Quiet on the Western Front"* was banned in Germany because it was considered destructive to the breeding of war inclination among what must be the nation's future soldiers.

The most significant national domestic propaganda efforts currently being made in European countries is a glorification of war in the minds of youth. It is astoundingly intensive and comprehensive. All military museum exhibits display the "comforts" of trench warfare. Looking at these exhibits it would seem that the war correspondents of the last conflicts were all liars, for the model trenches are completely equipped with electric lights and running water (controlled).

In the matter of international propaganda there is reason to suspect that the American "consumers" are suffering unduly as the result of the strictest kind of press censorship now in force in many countries, particularly in Germany, Italy and Russia.

The integrity of the individual resident American correspondent cannot be challenged, but in a measure he is being made the, at least unconscious, victim of the laxity or disinterest of his employer. It works in this fashion. An individual correspondent decides that where news of events occurring in the particular foreign country which he is covering is of interest to his American readers he will do everything to get it out, without regard to the efforts, wishes or regulations of press censorship.

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But the foreign press censor does not exert himself unduly or even fairly in his own particular sphere to circumvent this display of energy. He merely reports the correspondent to the Foreign Office, which in turn informs the correspondent's employer in the United States that its representative is no longer *persona grata.* The employing press association or newspaper seldom if ever puts up a fight through the State Department at Washington on behalf of its correspondent. They are apparently not that much interested in supplying truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to their American readers. The unwanted correspondent in question is ordered home, often in disgrace.

It is obvious that the new correspondent who replaces his banished confrere knows the circumstances and reasons for his banishment. He assumes his new post a frightened writer. Successive changes of this kind—an excellent example is to be found in Berlin today—gives the foreign government a docile corps of correspondents following the easiest way for the sake of their jobs and supplying excellent outlets for the most outrageous propaganda.

But perhaps the best current example of the strange involvement, of a doubling and redoubling back upon itself, upon seeming motives and important and real motives, is to be found in the Japanese propaganda campaign currently directed toward the United States.

An approach to an appreciation of this seeming confusion may be made perhaps with the statement that quite recently native Japanese propaganda has been making unique use

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at home, for home consumption only, of the fact that the United States Army air corps was unable to fly the mail. The wide dissemination of this information in Japan by Japanese propagandists was done to leave the impression that the American military pilots were unable to fly at all, that there was no truth whatever in the once widely distributed war scare that American army fliers were able and prepared to fly down from Alaska and raze the principal Japanese cities.

At first blush this sudden about-face would indeed seem to be a strange, if not crazy, line of propagandizing to be pursued by a nation which expects eventually to fight the United States; some even pick the year—1935. But let us look further into this unique plot of publicizing.

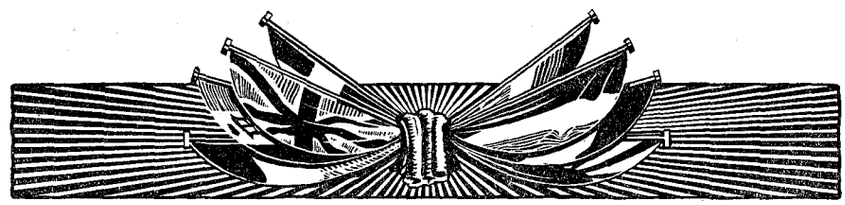
To make a beginning, one may start with the premise that a considerable and formidable volume of national thought in Japan holds to the idea that war on the Pacific with the United States is inevitable. The permanent base of unfriendliness would seem to rest on the Japanese Exclusion Act. The Washington naval disarmament conference is generally viewed on the other side of the Pacific as an unfair, American victory. The Japanese believe that the United States has far-reaching designs of her own in China. American recognition of Russia is viewed there as a step toward that objective.

In the face of this belief and conviction, it is not surprising that Japan has been thinking and talking of war with the United States for a long time. Not the least of preparation is preparing the people to think "right"—and that is propaganda. But just recently those responsible for this work awakened to the realization that they had "overtrained," that the General Satos had perhaps talked too much and too loudly. For their talking, it would seem, was not only *preparing* the Japanese, but it also was preparing Mr. Adam's taxi chauffeur in far off New York. Many Japanese believe that the only reason the United States finally recognized Soviet Russia was to forearm herself with an ally for the coming war. They also believe that the sudden tardy decision of this country to build the Navy to treaty strength was due solely to too much loud, boastful war talk in Nippon. If home propaganda has the disastrous effect of preparing your enemy then such talk must be stopped at all costs. How to stop it? The easiest and quickest way is to disabuse the people of danger. Hence the queer use in Japan of the Roosevelt fiasco with the air mail, hence the flood of insincere, honey-coated words which have so suddenly come floating to us across the Pacific.

Japan has not been remiss on the practical side, however. She believes she may have to fight Russia again. The recent peace hallooing over the Pacific waters between Washington and Tokio is mainly propaganda material for use in Moscow. Japan is striving to leave the impression with the Soviets that Uncle Sam approves *in toto* everything which the Japanese have done in Manchuria!

But what if war with Japan should come? One of the major efforts of the Japanese then would be to keep the United States involved and embroiled on the American continents so as at least to reduce her full efficiency in the theatre of main operation. And Japanese propagandists have already gone to work on that task. They are following here the procedure of Germany. It is for this reason that we suddenly find the Japanese taking such an active interest in Latin America. Japanese merchants are making a concerted drive to capture important markets in South America. In one or two instances they have been highly successful. With successful trading goes the subtlest kind of propaganda, for it involves as a first step the creation of friendly relations.

A refusal to look and see what the propagandists are doing to and against one unfortunately does not eliminate their existence or their reality. It merely increases the effectiveness of their labors. It is one of the nefarious and underhanded weapons in a world which is far from achieving a community of altruistic international interest. It's just that kind of a world.



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Trying It on the Indian

There is also a new deal in the making for the American Indian. Mrs. Seymour, member of the former United States Board of Indian Commissioners, reports on the tribal reactions over the country to the proposed plan which has been called an American Soviet in miniature.

By Flora Warren Seymour

IN tribal meetings on reservations over the country today the American Indian has taken his own particular New Deal under consideration. The cards were explained to his various representatives at a recent Congress of Plains Indians, held at Rapid City, South Dakota. They were called together, at government expense, to be sold, and in turn to sell their fellow tribesmen, a unique program of regimentation, which in several basic features is the most extreme gesture yet made by the administration in this country toward a Communistic experiment. The majority did not appear to be unduly impressed. They said they would talk it over, and went their various ways. They are keeping their promise to the white man. The meetings are now going on around reservation campfires. On some of the Sioux reservations bitter dissension between different factions has already broken out, and still more trouble may be expected. The red men opponents to regimentation and the proposal to establish Indian communal camps are calling a spade a spade, and a Democrat, a Communist. The whole program has been referred to by one of their speakers, this one a woman, as a plan devised by Chief Facing-Both-Ways.

The members of a once proud and independent race are exercising their customary diplomacy in dealing with the white man's latest proposal for their salvation. This feature and their stoic reticence make it dangerous to predict a happy outcome for the entire undertaking. The Indian is aware that he is standing at an important fork of the road.

At the close of the congress held at Rapid City, a prominent Sioux was invited to visit in another jurisdiction than his own.

"No," he said, "I feel that I must go back now to my own people. I am going to campaign for—or against—this bill." Surely this was a sufficiently diplomatic statement of his purpose.

If Commissioner of Indian Affairs John Collier, who with a staff of eight or nine officials of the Indian Bureau and the Interior Department, spent four days in urging upon the assembled Indians the importance and desirability of a speedy passage of the Howard-Wheeler bill, did not know at the outset that the Sioux and their kindred tribes are versed in the ways of diplomacy, he was well aware of their ability before the congress was over. Not in the least influenced by the fact that they were gathered to the meeting at government expense and paid a *per diem* during their stay, these delegates listened intently, although impassively, through the long hours of exposition and argument, heard answers to some of the many questions they were permitted to present—in writing only—kept within their hearts the speeches they were not granted opportunity to make, and went away having given the emissaries of the Great White Father no greater assurance of agreement than the promise to present the subject to their respective tribes for further discussion.

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It is indeed a serious matter which is being presented to the Indians of the United States for discussion. A bill, introduced in the House on February 12 and in the Senate on the day following, designs a complete change in Indian life and Indian land tenure in America. Years ago General R. H. Pratt, whom no man ever excelled in devotion to the interests of the Indian, urged his conviction on the subject:

"To civilize the Indian, put him in the midst of civilization. To keep him civilized, keep him there."

Today, the avowed intent of the official guardians of our red brother is to remove him from the ways of the white man and to remove the white man from proximity to the Indian. Almost complete and quite perpetual segregation is contemplated by the provisions of this bill.

First, the Indians of any given tribe are to organize themselves into a community, to which a charter shall be issued by the Secretary of the Interior. As the Secretary deems the Indians capable, they are to be entrusted with the management of their own affairs. They will make their own laws and enforce them. They are to take over by degrees the work now being done by Civil Service employees of the Indian Bureau in the field, but while such employees remain, the Indian community will have the right to demand dismissal or transfer to another jurisdiction should any one of these chance to become *persona non grata.*

Second, provision is to be made by the government for the education of Indians in all the services and functions the community may take over, including preparation in

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law, medicine, accountancy, pedagogy, social service, forestry, scientific agriculture and civil engineering. At the same time the lower schools, maintained especially for Indians, are to specialize in the inculcation of Indian arts, crafts, skills and traditions. There remains a question as to whether schools of professional standing will accept courses in beadwork and scalp dancing as meeting entrance requirements, but this may be—and is—passed over for the time.

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The great purpose of this community organization, aside from the return to Indian ways, rests in the third section of the bill, which provides for the taking over by the chartered community of the title to the lands within the borders of the reservation. Though the charter need be ratified by no more than three fifths of the Indians voting at the election—regardless of their ratio to the number of possible qualified voters—yet the community, once formed, has the right of eminent domain and can assert it over the lands of Indians who have not voted to join, as well as over white people who have purchased land within the reservation boundaries. With the customary profligacy of the New Deal planners, an annual appropriation of two million dollars is contemplated for the purchase of lands so condemned by the community.

All land of individual Indians will be ceded to the tribal community as a whole. Their communal title is to be subject forever to a trust. At no future time may the land ever be sold or mortgaged. This includes perpetual exemption from any tax levy. Inasmuch as it means the drying up of normal sources of credit, the government is to provide a revolving fund of ten million dollars from which the business operations of the community are to be financed.

Inasmuch, also, as the Indian citizen is permitted to avail himself of all the public resources of the state in which he lives without incurring financial obligation in the way of taxes, the public purse must again be drawn upon and appropriations from the Federal treasury to reimburse the state are contemplated for all time to come.

The final section of the bill provides an Indian Circuit Court for offenses against the Federal law and for cases of appeal from the community courts. The community is to decide for itself whether or not it is to be subject to any of the laws of the state in which it is located.

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The purposes of the bill, it was remarked by a young Sioux woman listening in on the conference, seems to have been devised by Chief Facing-Both-Ways. The expectation is that the return to communal ownership will cause all the Indians to embark at once upon subsistence farming. At the same time they will be trained in the professions, while reverting to their ancient arts and crafts, which in this region were based almost entirely on the buffalo. To combine Blackstone and the polishing of arrowheads, surgery and weaving, business engineering and the sun dance, seems an arduous undertaking. So far as concerns the subsistence farming, the opinion of the Northern Cheyenne is succinctly stated:

"Work is for mules and women."

Yet these same Cheyennes, admittedly the least advanced of the groups of this region, sent this word as their answer to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"You are putting us back into tribal life and we don't like it."

The communal features of the bill had been introduced to the Indians on January 20 by a circular from the Indian Bureau calling upon the different tribes to organize for self-government. Replies to this were requested by February 15. In some sections the Indians responded favorably, but from so many tribes came word of divided councils, and often outspoken refusal to enter upon the new plan, that it seemed expedient to take the entire proposition of community self-government plus tribal land ownership and management, directly to the people concerned. The Plains Congress was the first decided upon; its date of March 15 was advanced as protests from other sections came in and other gatherings were indicated. Six were in prospect as the Plains Indians convened, and at the close of the Rapid City gathering two or three more had been added.

From the southwestern Indians, who in most instances have never held individual title to their lands, a more enthusiastic response was expected. Forty-seven years under the allotment system, characterized by Commissioner Collier as "wicked and stupid," have certainly not been as educative as the sponsors of the Act hoped when it was passed in 1887. Yet it has given the Indians a sense of individual ownership which they are by no means ready to relinquish.

The delegate from the Crow Creek Sioux is speaking. "He was Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Legislature last session," says one listener to another:

"I heard you were appointed as a Democrat," states this Indian Sergeant-at-Arms to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, "and then I was told that you were a Republican. But I believe, Mr. Collier, that you must be a Socialist. Your ideas of community government seem to me socialistic. I lived in Sioux community life as a boy and I certainly wouldn't like to go back to it."

This movement to *de-individualize* the Indian grows out of the theory that the red man's original status was communistic, and that his welfare will best be served by a return to that condition. The facts do not support either assumption completely.

The early attitude of the Plains Indians toward the land was rather that of non-ownership than of communistic ownership. It is true that certain tribes claimed the right to rove and hunt in a certain area, but it was a right which must at any moment be defended against the attack of another tribe. The great council held in 1825 at Prairie du Chien was a well meaning attempt on the part of the United States to induce the tribes to set boundaries as between themselves and refrain from fighting about it. The effort was not wholly successful. The Sioux and Chippewa even had a renewal of their habitual warfare on the way home from the council. Least of all did any covet the right to cultivate the soil. Some of them had in their ancient tradition a sort of vague notion that their women once raised a little corn and a few melons. But

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they had long since forgotten the art, if they had ever possessed it. Wild berries must suffice.

Yet the white men believed these roving buffalo hunters could and should be transformed into tillers of the soil. To that end was devised the allotment act, for which friends of the Indians toiled for many a season before its final passage in 1887. Upon the division of the land so that each person had individual title to a farm, it was expected that the Dakota plains would blossom with corn.

It was a hope frustrated. The women, since the tribe no longer followed the buffalo, began to set up home gardens. The hunter and warrior of the family felt no urge to lay his hand to the plow handle or to grub about with a hoe. Here and there one adopted the new ways, but it could not be said that euthusiasm for agriculture ran high.

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For a period of years the severally owned land was held in trust by the government. But when by reason of the expiration of the trust period, or because of his supposed competency to handle business affairs, the Indian received a fee patent, all too often the result was that he sold his land as speedily as he could, or borrowed on it and failed to meet the mortgage payments. Hence, as the years went on, there grew up a body of landless Indians. Practically all are paupers, says the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

The fact of pauperism may be established. Many more than the Indians in these days are on the relief rolls. But the possession of land by no means assures escape from such a condition. Pests and drought do not ask whether land is farmed by the Indians or by the white. They certainly do not hold forth any incentive to agricultural endeavor.

Granted that the community is formed as the bill indicates and the land has been thrown into communal ownership; there will be little difficulty in buying out many Dakota white farmers at a price probably far less than they paid for the lands a few years ago. Granted that the revolving fund is at hand and ready to revolve; who will rush to harness the mules to the plow? Will it be the protected Indian whose land has all these years been safeguarded by the government, but has now been taken from him and returned to the tribe? Or will it be the man who has run through the proceeds of his acres and who now joins the community with nothing to give and everything to receive?

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Whoever it may be that turns to tillage, it is expected that any Indian pressure for the passage of the bill will come from those who are without lands. It is but natural that those should be willing to accept another helping who have so quickly disposed of their first portion. A man's allotment may have brought him a considerable sum of money. It may have brought him a big automobile and a tour of the country. Perhaps, he thinks, he may have another such windfall. *Forever* is a long word, and a perpetual trust period set up by one Congress may as easily be terminated when the time comes around for the red man's next New Deal. But the willingness to be helped again to a share of the soil by no means indicates that the recipient expects to stir up that soil and scatter grain upon it.

The man whose land has been kept for him has a different slant upon the situation. He is not inclined to grasp the opportunity to give up his individual tenure for the benefit of the community. Kills the Wolf, over there, has had his thousands for the land and has spent them gloriously. Why should Many Voices give up his right to anticipate a future experience of the same sort?

Already, on some of the Sioux reservations, the proposition has brought about bitter dissension between those of mixed white and Indian ancestry and those designated as full bloods. The latter, having been held under guardianship, are unwilling to share with the mixed bloods, who have already eaten their cake with every sign of enjoyment. The landless mixed bloods naturally see greater promise in the idea of community rights to the land.

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So far as the Indians of the Plains are concerned, it is from the landless mixed bloods that the Indian Bureau hopes to hear a demand for the passage of the Howard-Wheeler bill. The recent congress at Rapid City has made it plain that acceptance of the plan can come but slowly if at all. A high-pressure campaign may succeed in inducing those who have nothing to lose to shower upon Congress their demands for another cup of coffee and another piece of pie. Those who still have lands will yield only with reluctance, if yield they must. Three times, on three successive days, one Davidson of Pine Ridge attempted to gain the floor for a speech or a motion. Each time he was firmly ruled out of order.

"Mr. Chairman!" he shouted on the third day. "I am to be a victim of this bill, and as an Indian and an American citizen I claim my right to be heard about it!"

It was in vain. The gavel descended as before.

On the final day of the congress the chairman announced that the gentleman out of order the day before could now be heard. It was too late. Mr. Davidson had gone back to Pine Ridge, where it may easily be assumed that his voice and vote will not be in favor of the Howard-Wheeler bill.

The Blackfeet contented themselves with registering objections to the communal features of the bill. The Sioux of Cheyenne River mildly pointed out that "the bill will not benefit us in such matters." But Harry Whiteman, speaking for his people, the Crows, and surprisingly enough, also for their ancient enemies, the Northern Cheyennes, voiced the refusal which had brought these two once-warring tribes into agreement:

"We don't want to lose our independence and pride of ownership. We have come to the forking of the ways. We will fight to the last ditch before giving up the land to community ownership.

"Mr. Commissioner, don't cram this bill down our throats!"

And so with considerable resentment in their hearts the Indian delegates left the first general meeting held at Rapid City to return to their various reservations to campaign "for—or against" the proposal. The reaction at other general sectional meetings—the latest was a confer-

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ence for the Indians of Wisconsin and Minnesota, would leave little doubt as to how most are going to campaign.

Now the tribal meetings are in full swing and the tide of opposition is rising on Indian reservations over all parts of the country. The Klomaths of Oregon are strongly arrayed against. The Kiowahs of Oklahoma. The larger tribes of Oklahoma—the Five Civilized Tribes, knowing something of the white man's ways of legislation, believe their interests can be taken care of "with an amendment." "Have your bill," they say, "but leave us out of this. Merely say the Five Civilized Tribes are exempted." Even among the Pueblos, upon whose way of living the bill was supposed to be based, appear at this writing to be divided about half and half on the proposed program. The Chippewas resent "being driven back to the bush."

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Commissioner of Indian Affairs Collier, taking cognizance of this rising tide of objection, has issued the following defense of the New Deal for the American Indian:

"The condition of about 150,000 of our Federal Indian wards is forlorn and even desperate. Existing law, which has stripped them of their last acre of land and faithlessly diverted hundreds of millions of their trust funds, likewise has denied them modern educational advantages, has shut them out from access to financial credit, and has withheld from them, individually and as groups, all power to determine their own lives. The legal system of exploitation is complete and the Indians are helpless to extricate themselves. The identical laws are steadily forcing the remaining Indians, who still possess some land, to surrender the use of the actual title to whites. Grafting and exploiting white interests congregate around the dwindling Indian property, and these interests are massed to defeat the Administration's present purpose.

"That purpose is to extend to Indians the traditional American rights and privileges, including the rights guaranteed in the Constitution but as yet denied toward Indians, and to furnish landless Indians new land needed for self-support. The purpose likewise is to stop the further looting of Indian trust funds and lands by whites.

"Muskogee is the center of the Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma. Until twenty-five years ago these tribes, numbering 101,000 members, owned fertile and ample lands and were self-supporting, even prosperous. Today, 72,000 members of these five tribes are totally landless. A handful of the remainder are owners in severalty of valuable lands and oil and mineral properties. Disregarding this handful, the members of the Five Civilized Tribes are subsisting on an average annual income of $47 per capita. Of 15,000,000 acres allotted to the Five Tribes twenty-five years ago, only 1,500,000 remain, and these, under existing law will soon pass to white ownership."

Outspoken criticism of Mr. Collier's statement was promptly made by Levi Gritts, a spokesman for the Cherokees. Gritts attended the sectional conference held at Washington. Pretty indignant and quite eloquent he was when he got back to Muskogee, Oklahoma. Referring to Mr. Collier's remark that something must be done with those "poor, starving tribesmen" of eastern Oklahoma, he asserted that it was the first which he had heard that his countrymen were starving.

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A spokesman of the Seminoles, attending a conference held at Muskogee submitted the following memorandum, demanding an answer to all seven questions before the Seminoles would vote on the Administration program:

"1. During the Senate hearings on the Wheeler-Howard bill you stated that there are 100,000 Indians in the bread line. Your statement would indicate this was true within the Five Tribes, but, assuming that you refer to the entire Indian population of the country, how much per capita per annum would the $2,000,000 which you propose that Congress would appropriate in keeping with the provisions of your bill amount to? I contend that the commissioner is incorrect and that, if true, his annual appropriation of $2,000,000 may as well not be appropriated if the money is for the purpose of meeting the condition which he points out.

"2. How many Indian tribes are there in Oklahoma, and how many of these still own their land in common?

"3. What effects would the repeal of the 1887 allotment act have on these tribes? Would it restore the State of Oklahoma to them? Would it restore one single acre of their former lands to any individual Indian or his tribe?

"4. You believe in Indian self-government. How many Indians helped you write this bill?

"5. Your Indian court makes no provision that any of the judges or attorneys shall be of Indian blood. How do you account for this in view of the fact that the court will deal exclusively with Indians and their properties?

"6. Do you believe the Indian competent to hold any of these positions? If so, why did you not provide for them in this bill?

"7. Do you believe that all former commissioners of Indian affairs have been fair to the tribesmen? Have you a provision in your bill whereby the Indians may get rid of an undesirable commissioner?"

The Quapaws, it is understood, have already voted secretly against the measure. Proponents of the bill at their tribal meeting made much of Mr. Collier's statement that Congress would appropriate two million dollars annually for the purchase of "reservation lands."

One eloquent Indian then replied, "His $2,000,000 would amount only to twenty dollars per annum per capita. At that rate it would take at least ten years to get money enough to buy each individual of this group ten acres of land. How many tribesmen could survive this length of time?"

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A Beginning on Wine

Does employment for 5,000,000 Americans await the re-establishment of the American wine industry? The article reveals for the first time a plan under advisement at Washington to carve a new industry out of the marginal lands of America.

By E. H. Lockton

WHEN national prohibition went its unmourned way last December, the fillip its departure added to business revival was given somewhat hysterical prominence in the daily press. Page One and likewise the business pages told of the imminent clinking again of time clocks in long-stilled manufactories, of the bubbling of mashes and brews in the vats of a thousand distilleries and malthouses. There was a general air of thankfulness at having turned a corner on the millennial road.

When the last trumpets have blown, apportionment of praise for raising the siege of the beleagured economic system will no doubt give a substantial measure to the revival of the liquor trade. But it may be that there will also be a bit of heavy-handed blame to be passed around: blame for a neglected opportunity.

That there is an opportunity—though possibly one with long odds of chance against its complete success—permanently to absorb our capital deficit of unemployables through development of the American wine industry is provable by figures which are open to questioning only on the basis that they are too good to be conceivably true.

For wine could effect the economic rehabilitation of this country. Given half a chance, that is. Figures on reëmployment by the establishment of a real wine industry show that literally millions of persons could be permanently taken from the lists of those for whom technical advances in industry have meant a prospect of continuous public dependence. And this could be done without prejudicing the prosperity of any other industry; without recourse to more money than has already been appropriated for agricultural relief; with no further socialization of agriculture or the paralysis of industry implied in the many plans which seek self-sufficiency for communities at the expense of the national purchasing power.

It is admittedly a far cry from the wine grape industry today, with its total 1933 cash return to farmers of a relatively insignificant thirty-odd million dollars, to the projected major industry capable of absorbing several million workers. The possibility of achieving such a volume, however, becomes somewhat less remote when it is realized that even a very slight increase in the *per capita* consumption of wine would be reflected in a tremendous increase in the demand for wine grapes.

Proponents of the expanded wine trade idea have long kept their eyes on France, where national consumption, and therefore wine industry employment, reach levels fantastic by American standards. As an instance, if Americans drank as much wine as the French (produced at the same rate of man-hours, and this rate would be surprisingly little altered by American efficiency in labor) we should be compelled to place more than 20,000,000 persons at work in viticulture and the distribution of its products.

But we know that there would be some improvement (or recession, as the labor-unionists would have it) in the rate of man-hours in that magically transplanted industry, and even black magic would quail before the task of inducing Americans to drink each his thirty-seven gallons a year, the French average.

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So, to appoint an arbitrary goal, we shall have our Americans consume wine at the rate of about twelve gallons a year, figuring out at about a wineglassful per person per day. Whereupon unemployment will vanish for 5,000,000 Americans, no other industries will squawk to Washington about favoritism, health and sobriety will descend upon the land and the taking of food will become a sublimated activity incident to gentle excitation and good digestion.

And all very nice, too. But there seem to be a few obstacles in the way of this program which might well daunt a better organized industry than the thinly scattered groups which represent the American wine trade today. Among them is the American reluctance to drink wine—American wines in particular.

To be damned with faint praise has been the fate of American wines since American wines have existed. The average citizen of the average American commonwealth has been noted, these thirty years back, for his lack of nationalistic spirit, for his lack of the fervid patriotism which rears, say, a Frenchman, back on his hind legs when there is mention of French attributes or French products in the same breath with those of another country.

Nor do Americans get credit for breadth of vision, or understanding, when their complacence permits them to take a tolerant or critical view of their country's products

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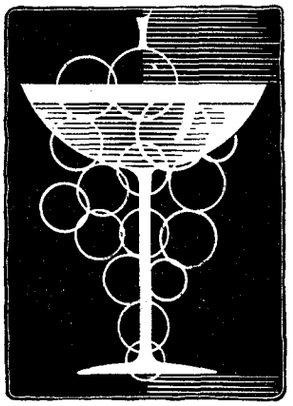

in comparison with those of some other land where culture, or an accent, or crumbling cathedrals have prominent place in the national index. The measure of an American's viewpoint is often taken in his tacit acceptance but outspoken condemnation of his own dollar civilization and of its products.

And so, American goods, American fashions. American wines often have been taken to the capital of an old world country, launched as a product of that country or a blend with that country's own products, and have been brought back here over a pathetically reared tariff barrier to capture the quality market where *"Imported"* is the hallmark of goods commanding a high price.

Lack of any real general knowledge of wines—native or foreign—in this country has abetted the general tendency to believe that the European types are necessarily superior. The tendency has been further aggravated by the practice of labeling American-produced wines in a manner which seeks to convey an impression of foreign origin, or, at least, an impression that insofar as their poor efforts can compass the makers of American wines are seeking to imitate the foreign vintages. There are a host of American wines labelled "Chateau Something-or-Other." Even the European oddities of bottling and labelling are closely duplicated.

This is the more particularly true with California wines, the bulk of the American crop, most of which are pressed from grapes originally developed in Europe. The results are not always happy.

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In contrast are the native wines, pressed from grapes entirely indigenous, or almost so, to American soil. Without seeking to convey an impression of European origin, these have long been accorded the palm as best of the American types by European experts cast on these unregenerate shores. Perhaps this is true to some extent because the experts admire the nerve of American producers who are content to let their wines stand on their own feet as American types without benefit of European grape parentage.

American wine producers in general have long been accustomed to a public apathy born of the belief that wine is not an American drink; that if you want good wine you must get it from abroad; that if by any chance you happen to like the American product on your table you are a person of no cultivation or sense of fitness as to what is becoming in the viewpoint of the Jones's just across the street.

For it is demonstrably true that an ungodly amount of *vin ordinaire*—raw, wry-tasting and wholesome—finds itself under Medoc, Burgundy and Chianti labels on the tables of American restaurants. And to a lesser degree on home dining room tables.

But American producers of wines are able to view this situation with almost complete lack of rancor. While not insensitive to the fact that foreign wines of inferior quality are commanding prices in this country which they find impossible to get, they see any increase in wine drinking as of ultimate benefit to the domestic producers. For they know that they can produce a wine ranking well above the *vin ordinaire* of France in quality and taste, but they do not know how to get that fact quickly presented to Americans, who are enamored of the belief that they are hard whisky drinkers. Or, that failing whisky, their inventiveness with mixtures of grain alcohol can provide them with the sharp kick they believe they demand from all beverages but beer. There is more than a little conceit in the American's belief that he can take it when it comes to downing hard drinks; that he is just a shade more mannish than his European brethren with their effete wine (but plenty of it).

For that is the essence of the question as to wines. They are admittedly not qualified to displace the cocktail, with its quick uplift, as the drink for that peculiarly American gathering to which everyone comes for the sole purpose of getting tight. There are heady wines, to be sure, but they must be drunk in combination with food, whereupon they convey, if properly persisted in, a benevolent, pervading, roseate outlook upon things which is a far cry from the febrility of the cocktail and the cocktail's morning after.

The home and the dinner table are the places for American wines, say the producers. And they want these wines available for the housewife's marketing at the A and P, or Schmidt's delicatessen around the corner. Segregation of light wines from liquor, because of the essential difference in the significance and methods of their consumption, is the little white rabbit to be pulled from the legislative hat by an adroit manipulation of the forces of publicity —if the American wine producers can ever agree on the means to be employed.

It is perhaps of some significance that the quality group in American wines, which, by the way, largely comprises wines grown and bottled in the East, is sponsored by men who have sought to identify wine drinking with practical temperance. These men have not scorned to point out that the French and the Italians are the most temperate of peoples in the same breath that they deplore the American belief that only French and Italians can produce good wines.

Basis for the charge that Americans—with the exception of the travelled minority—have no taste in wines is embalmed in the recently enacted import duties. According to the tariff schedule, sparkling wines pay a duty of $6.00 per gallon; still wines get by for a mere $1.25. This despite the easily demonstrable fact that still wines may be, and often are, the infinitely better product, admitting of less adulteration, demanding a more highly cultivated palate for their appreciation, esteemed by experts far above all sparkling products of the grape excepting a very few of the vintage Champagnes.

And some of the best Champagnes are themselves still wines which pay the lower import duty despite an insignificant price differential between these and the sparkling types. It is quite clear that the bubble and froth of a sparkling wine carry a connotation of royal extravagance to the American legislative mind, which, at least in its more vocal manifestations, associates Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy with the sort of *fin de siècle* saturnalia at which hundred dollar bills served as cigarette papers.

Everyone is familiar with the bridge table discussion during which a pathetic bid for connoisseurship is made with the glib statement that an individual "much prefers Sparkling Burgundy to Champagne—so much richer." The fact is that while many of the acknowledged experts will accord sparkling Champagne a high rating, they are almost

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as one in their contempt for the pretty, pink and frothy table decoration which is Sparkling Burgundy. They seem to believe that it is well drunk from chorus girls' slippers.

The service of fine wines is admittedly deserving of the ritual with which the wealthy dilettante delights in surrounding it. But the finer wines and their elaborate service, involving years of study, are in a fair way of being seized upon for their social associations. So far as genuine appreciation of their taste goes, Americans generally would as readily serve a good Dago Red or Hester Street Malaga. They would probably much rather serve a good American wine, sparkling or still, which had been developed to meet the individual characteristics of the American palate. And a great number of persons, who have come to suspect that socially minded people in this country are serving foreign wines for the pleasure of demonstrating newly acquired abilities to articulate difficult French names, and pronounce on the merits of certain vintage years, would welcome the arrival of more simply classified American varieties which they could be permitted to like for the wine's sake alone.

The first faint glimmerings of a general appreciation of American wine's unspectacular but solid qualities were becoming manifest before prohibition. Whether it can regain lost ground and establish for American producers a major industry probably depends on their ability to produce a wine unquestionably better than the average of imported types.

California, producing nine tenths or more of the total American wine-grape crop, seems wedded to the foreign grape idea. California saw its grape acreage jump during the prohibition years from 200,000 to 700,000 and more—only to break disastrously with over-production before 1929.

Californians know that American wine production trebled during the prohibition years, the figures being borne out by Department of Agriculture statistics. They know unofficially that the demand arose from two sources during prohibition—from Americans with cellar wineries for their own tables and from the Italian colonies in the larger Eastern cities and Chicago. With repeal, it seems fairly likely that the former source of demand will dry up to some extent, while the latter is well supplied by present production. So much for grapes of foreign types.

The hope of the American wine makers, and of the American economists who scent a large absorption of unemployables in viticulture, is a newly stimulated demand from the great middle class of Americans. The progressive producers believe the way to stimulate that demand is to provide a fine native wine, of definitely American characteristics, at a low price. Such wines are not grown in the lush sub-tropical vineyards, but in the thin-soil regions which exist in every state of the Union. Wine could be a national industry.

Now under advisement with state agricultural departments, with the Subsistence Homestead Division of the Federal Department of Interior, and with Mr. Wallace's newly realistic Department of Agriculture, is a program—hardly more than a well-defined idea at the present time—for developing in this country the native wine trade so long neglected before Prohibition.

The plan was developed by Paul Garrett, seventy-year-old dean of the American wine industry, who apprenticed himself to wine nearly sixty years ago, has seen American wines come and go—frequently under labels which sought to convey an impression of European origin—and has consistently sought to dispel the Baptist-cum-Methodist conviction of his own Southland that wine is a work of the devil. Fifty years ago his cause was a hopeless one; wine, the devil and the saloon were inextricably mixed in the Southerner's mind, because wine could usually be bought only in saloons. The notion of a good housewife of that day and place buying anything in a saloon, or, for that matter, of walking past one without sweeping her voluminous skirts aside, was funny. It is not unfunny now, and much wine has passed through the vats.

But Paul Garrett's old Gospel of wine drinking as an aid to temperance—again pointing out French and Italian sobriety—and his pursuit of the "Buy American" idea, find allied with them today's sobering economic conditions. With all sorts of "Plans" getting a hearing, the program suggested by Garrett has a refreshing quality of realistic practicality. And this Plan should be right up the alley of our new paternalistic government at Washington, for it ties up with the magic words subsistence homesteads; soil erosion; marginal farm lands; reëmployment, and even has a bit of rugged individuality about it as a hallmark of respect to the death of an era.

Take, says Mr. Garrett, some marginal land which would become subject to soil erosion through its withdrawal from agriculture under the provisions of the AAA. Put a few rugged individualists (not too rugged to accept state help) on subsistence homesteads on the land and let them be reëmployed by growing each his twenty acres of wine grapes and each his thirty acres of table crops.

The American wine makers will be only too glad to buy his wine grapes and pay well for them. In fact, says Mr. Garrett, that twenty acres of wine grapes, properly cared for and marketed (preferably under the supervision of a state-endowed agricultural college) may produce a cash return up to $5,000 annually. It is enough to make even a Tammany politician go back to the soil.

The nub of the plan is that it does provide a profit crop. Subsistence homesteads have been proposed on a large scale and a number of projects, notably those at Dayton, Ohio; and Reedsville, W. V., have shown fair promise of healthy life and longevity.

However each of these projects has been notable for the fine spirit of altruism and freedom from the thought of money or individual profit in which it has been conceived. Barter and the exchange of services are integral parts of these plans, to the great alarm of economists who see in them further economic trouble through the lessening of consumer markets by the establishment of a large proportion of the population as self-sufficient in respect to money. Disuse of money by any considerable number of people, they say, may have numerous national evils on its stem.

This fine disregard of money in substantial quantities is no part of the Garrett plan, and therein it differs essentially from the others which have been proposed. It seeks to enlarge, rather than to perpetuate, the present slenderness of national purchasing power. The man who can secure a living from his "vinstead" and in addition earn several thousand dollars per year, will be a man who can purchase Fords, Chevrolets, perchance Buicks and Chryslers; washing machines, electrical appliances and electric power, tractors, good clothing, packaged foods not produced on the homestead, medicines, cameras and other things which will contribute to the employment of his brothers who do not go in for grape raising.

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The Hull Tariff

Can the proposed Hull Tariff achieve a new American internationalism? Mr. Sokolsky, writer, lecturer and frequent contributor to NEW OUTLOOK, discusses the possible effects of tariff power in the hands of the President.

By George E. Sokolsky

THE American tariff, fostered to protect infant industries, has become a concrete impediment to recovery. It might have been possible to reach an agreement for a world-wide reduction of tariffs and other stoppages to trade at the London Economic Conference last summer, but just as the assembled statesmen had concluded their introductory speeches and were getting down to the task of finding a road to world recovery, General Johnson let loose the Blue Eagle, which screeched and clawed and stirred this country, but it did not achieve recovery.

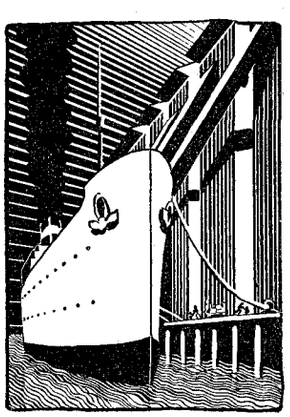
Even before the London Conference, in the June NEW OUTLOOK, I had occasion to write:

"If the foreign trade of the United States is to be taken seriously . . . it is essential that the tariff, that is the barrier to the free movement of goods, should be raised, or lowered, not whimsically . . . but as a scientific working of a system of promoting trade while protecting indigenous industries."

The world Depression reached its climax in 1932. It was during that year that country after country increased its tariff rates, not only in reprisal for the American Hawley-Smoot Tariff, but also as part of a program of economic nationalism—similar in its philosophic aspects to the American NRA.

In 1932, there were tariff increases in Great Britain, Egypt, Norway, Japan, Portugal, Greece, Siam, South Africa, Australia, Belgium, Latvia, Netherlands, Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, Persia and Venezuela.

In 1933, Norway, Czechoslovakia, China, Poland, Switzerland, Hungary and Great Britain increased their tariffs. Germany and France joined this procession, not by actual increases in the tariff, but by other processes, which go under the general heading of "emergency trade restrictions" which have all the effectiveness of an increased tariff without utilizing that particular impediment to foreign trade. The following table from the "World Economic Survey 1932-33" published by the League of Nations makes clear the exact position of world trade in 1933:



World Trade in the First Quarter of each Year, 1929-32
($000,000's)

Year	Total value	*Percentage decline from the first quarter of* 1929
1929	15,292	..
1930	13,885	23
1931	9,685	37
1932	6,460	58
1933	5,096	65

In this same report appears the statement: "It is in the United States and particularly in the exports of manufactured goods from that country, that the export trade declined most." Take for example industrial machinery, exporrs of which in 1929 amounted to $265,212,000, in 1932 only amounted to $58,492,000. In an agricultural commodity, cotton, which in 1929 was exported to the amount of $770,830,000, in 1932 amounted to $345,165,000 or nearly half. It is estimated that American imports and exports decreased by 69 per cent in 1932 over 1929. This falling process continued during 1933. To state the matter in its simplest terms: the foreign trade of the United States, imports and exports, in 1933 amounted to about 30 per cent of what it was in 1929.

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It is one of those statistical errors to say that the foreign trade of the United States is unimportant because it amounts to only about ten per cent of our national economic income. Actually, since the World War, our foreign trade has become the dominant factor in certain industries, particularly in agriculture. For instance, half of our American cotton crop is normally exported; about one-third of tobacco, one fifth of wheat; half of packing house lard; a quarter of the rice crop. When these agricultural communities are unable to market the surplus over home consumption, they are unable to purchase manufactured commodities, which throws industrial labor out of work.

It is interesting to note in this connection that James Farrell, formerly President of the United States Steel Corporation, estimated that 7,000,000 Americans are dependent upon our foreign trade for their livelihood. If the total unemployed of the country at the lowest point of the Depression was 14,000,000, then nearly half were in that condition because of the catastrophic decrease in our foreign trade. If there are still 10,000,000 unemployed

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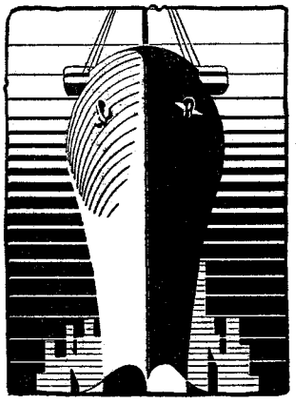

(including those on the dole) then the proportion of those unemployed because of the decline in foreign trade amounts to nearly 70 per cent.

Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, envisaged this problem more accurately than many of the professionally brainy men in the Roosevelt Administration who insisted upon trying this and that experiment in higher economics to achieve recovery. To Mr. Hull two facts appeared like mighty beacons leading the way:

First. Thirty million men and women throughout the world, accustomed to work prior to 1929, are out of employment, and with no prospect of employment. Therefore, they are not, and cannot, be expected to become purchasers of commodities beyond the barest necessities of mere subsistence.

Second. Eighty per cent of two billion human beings, constituting the whole of the human race, live below the poverty line. In a word, the lowest standard of living known to us in this country is still beyond the reach of eighty per cent of the human race. Therefore, a way should be found to create among this preponderantly large part of the human race, a market for our goods, or for the goods of our customers. In the movement of these below-the-poverty line peoples from their unbelievably low standard of living up the ladder to our standard of living, lies the hope for world trade, and particularly for our trade because we produce all the basic agricultural and raw commodities consumed by a people on the rise, and the capital goods which they require to build an industrial state of their own. For instance, when a Chinese changes from sesamum oil to kerosene to light his house, American goods begin to move.

Mr. Hull saw this when nearly everybody else in Washington feared foreign trade lest it interfere with the success of the NRA. He saw that probably as many as twenty-five countries "cannot hope to avoid economic annihilation practically, unless international trade is restored, whereas a country like ours, with its surplus-producing capacity, cannot restore full stability and a permanent measure of business prosperity that the average citizen is accustomed to, or that would be necessary year in and year out for his comfort."

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The problem was to get goods moving. But it is impossible to sell goods without buying goods. After the war, the United States established credits for many countries so that they could buy our goods. But we also raised our tariffs to keep their goods out of our country. When the time came for these countries to meet their obligations, they had no gold or credits to pay their debts; they had goods but insufficient gold. We had the gold. So, we loaned them more money to pay their debts, when as a matter of fact, those debts might have been paid, at least in part, out of trade. And when we stopped lending money, the entire economic structure of the world collapsed. For, when all the channels to international trade were blocked, thirty million men were thrown out of work.

The export of capital, the mere establishment of credits, then, is inadequate to start the foreign trade moving. No honorable government can afford to accept our credits with the certain prospect of not being able to meet obligations as they fall due.

An example of the muddled thinking involved in this problem is the RFC cotton and wheat loan to China. By instruction of President Roosevelt, the RFC established in this country last Summer a credit of $50,000,000 for China to purchase American cotton and wheat. China could not consume this quantity of cotton and wheat but it was anticipated by the Chinese that a market could be made in Shanghai. The United States, however, insisted that goods purchased under this credit, must be sold in China—that is, not to Russians or Japanese, who might have been purchasers. The Chinese soon discovered that they were stuck with a credit which they could not use and hope to meet when their obligations came due. They, therefore, consumed only about $5,000,000 of the credit, which was about all that they could have handled anyhow. Then, the credit was reduced by a supplementary agreement to $20,000,000, which the Chinese think they can handle.

The entire transaction was unsound and represented a whimsical Presidential fiat. It is impossible for China to meet payments unless she can sell us goods and services, or unless she can sell them to one of our customers. Our trade negotiations with Soviet Russia are crippled for much the same reason. A credit—even a credit bank—serves no purpose, unless Soviet Russia can be certain that the prospect of repayment is assured. Soviet Russia cannot afford politically to be involved in a default, but if we insist upon a one-sided agreement, namely that they buy from us but that we will not buy from them, then there can be no commercial advantage in our recognition of Soviet Russia.

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The economic nationalist bitterly opposes foreign trade on the ground that the extraordinary high American standard of living will be lowered should foreign goods compete with American grown or made commodities in this market. The assumption is that the United States grows and produces every commodity that is necessary for life, industry or luxury in this country. I have before me a list prepared by the Tariff Commission of "Dutiable articles more or less non-competitive and with respect to which foreign countries possess advantages." It is a long and interesting list with a wide column for comment in which appears often the phrases, "does not grow in the United States," "not produced in the United States." Then there is another list entitled, "Dutiable articles the imports of which have increased since 1929, and which include items that, in spite of the Depression, managed to find profitable markets in this country." Some of these articles, like "cotton handkerchiefs and mufflers, not hemmed," from Great Britain, or "hit and miss rugs" from Japan should not have come into this country in competition with Depression and Recovery controlled prices in this country, but an inflexible tariff proves no protection in this respect, just as it did not prevent Japan from flooding the American market with electric light bulbs. Anti-dumping laws and the Presidential right, within limitations, to raise or lower the tariff to prevent dumping, do not serve, because usually the crime is discovered after it has been committed.

The task then is to find a tariff procedure which will open the channels to trade, increase the export of American

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goods, admit commodities which may be useful or desirable, prevent dumping and yet maintain the American standard of living. The difficulties involved in this are tremendous, but the complication of a rigid tariff law makes it practically impossible either to utilize the tariff in the interest of world trade or to increase our exports or, in many instances, to prevent dumping. In a market-place where conditions change daily, the American official is helpless because he is bound by a law that does not recognize or permit changes.

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If other countries passed tariff bills as we do by parliamentary action, it would be possible to know that for a stated period, a year or two or whatever it is, such and such would be the rate on stated commodities. But there are many complex instruments at the service of the economic nationalists, such as, higher tariff rates, import quotas and license restrictions, exchange controls, exchange clearing and compensation agreements, milling and mixing regulations which "require that in the process of manufacture certain proportions of domestic products must be combined with imported goods," raising consular, import and other administrative fees, increasing the severity of regulations governing marks of origin, and sanitary regulations. These devices to keep out imports often are not covered by any treaty governing trade relations, and the "most favored nation clause," may be no protection because the regulation may affect a commodity which comes from only one country, perhaps our country.

The Administration at Washington is at a terrific disadvantage in negotiations because it is restricted by the tariff law, it cannot offer a *quid pro quo* for a special concession, it is lacking in flexibility. In practically all other countries, the government, that is the executive, has the legal right to negotiate duties below the general or maximum tariff schedules. In many countries, such as France, Spain, Portugal, Canada and South Africa, the parliament has established in advance the minimum rate, and the government uses its judgment. There have been instances when France and Spain have gone below that minimum in handling a negotiation with another country. Usually the Parliament, however, fixes the maximum rate, and the government negotiates downward from that.

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In some countries, the government may make the reductions effective without obtaining parliamentary approval. In Canada and British India this is the practice. Hungary requires only a notification to the Parliament. The English practice is to hold the reductions provisionally effective; the government is, however, to place the agreement before Parliament, which has 28 legislative days to indicate disapproval. In most countries where parliamentary approval is necessary, the reductions and agreements are usually ratified; at any rate, they become immediately effective. In Fascist countries, such as Italy, Germany and Austria, or in a Communist country, such as Russia, the right of the government to act without parliamentary approval, is unquestioned.

The American Administration then finds itself at a tremendous disadvantage in all markets of the world, because its hands are tied. For instance, it is often found expedient to make arrangements to pass goods free without duty on a reciprocal basis. The raw cotton-raw silk trade between the United States and Japan is a case in point. Japan admits American raw cotton duty free; the United States admits raw silk duty free. Japan is now probably the largest single purchaser of our raw cotton; the United States is the largest single purchaser of Japan's raw silk. Neither country produces the purchased commodity; therefore the trade is not competitive but complementary.

Suppose this rule were applied to coffee, tea, tin, straw, chocolate, French champagnes and brandies and many other commodities which are not produced in this country, so that, by agreement, if we permit these commodities to enter duty free, the countries from which they come will permit specific American commodities to enter duty free. Suppose, we have an agreement with Brazil that if coffee enters free, American motor cars may enter Brazil free of duty; or with British India that if their tea enters free, American-made shoes may enter India without duty; or with Java that if we admit rubber free, they will admit American machinery free, etc. If we can make agreements of that nature, then we can get our goods moving, for as it is, we do buy coffee, tea and rubber but we get no trade advantage for ourselves. We buy what we need, but we cannot sell in competition with countries which are in a position to negotiate for trade advantages. On the other hand, there is the instance of Soviet Russia, to whom we are anxious to sell, but from whom we are prepared to buy only a tin of caviar. When Soviet Russia finds a customer for her goods, she will buy her requirements there by agreements.

The principal objection to the Hull Tariff is that it further increases the power of the President. This objection is utterly valid. The power of the President has been increased by Congress, without rhyme or reason, until the democratic form of government is imperiled. There are men like Senator Borah, who resent and fear the Presidential encroachments on the prerogatives and duties of Congress. Such men are opposed in principle to H.R.8687 which is an act to amend the Tariff Act of 1930, that is the absurd and harmful Hawley-Smoot Tariff. This act confers upon the President the right to proclaim modifications of existing duties and to make other changes in accordance with any foreign trade agreements that he may have entered upon. He is restricted to a maximum reduction of 50 per cent of the existing rate, which is not enough. The President also has the power to suspend imports from countries which discriminate against American goods. The President then may enter into a trade agreement with a foreign country without going through the formality of ratification by the Senate. In a word, he can make a reciprocal tariff treaty all on his own. This is a distinct departure from all precedents and there are Republicans that doubt its constitutionality.

Among all the "permissive powers" that have accrued to the American Chief Executive during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, this is the only one that seems to be absolutely necessary, if we are to have any foreign trade at all. Now in the market-places, speed, secrecy and flexibility are essential in competition with other countries. There can be neither speed nor secrecy in Congress—and there should not be. There can be little flexibility when a trade agreement is discussed in the daily press. Yet the fact remains, that any country can undersell us or out-sell us because our commercial agents have their hands tied behind their backs. They cannot make a deal. They cannot offer terms. No one needs to buy from us on that basis.

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Men of State

By Wayne Francis Palmer

Who represents you in foreign lands? Mr. Palmer, in this group personal-graph, pictures our new foreign service, examines the product of our experiment in career diplomacy and also those who are still political appointees.

NO government agency has been the victim of so much misrepresentation as the Department of State. Diplomacy to the casual reader suggests the balanced tea cup or deceit; a diplomat suggests spats and a broad "A." Together they are supposed to add up to a few comfortable years abroad for the idle rich seeking a fitting culmination for a lifetime of chewing gum merchandising or a younger son of wealth, who, shying away from the honest toil, is sent in quest of an avocation under respectable circumstances.

In fact, one young wife sent in an application to the Foreign Service Corps saying, "You may have my husband for any use to which you wish to put him. I wish you could make some use of him as he is a drunkard and does not want to work. He is no good to me, only worry." Another wrote in recently seeking a Ministerial appointment: "A diplomat as I take it, is one who says what he means as if he don't mean what he says, and that I can do."

That such tenets hold in the minds of so many of our people is due to the flippant, destructive journalism which has cheapened Washington in recent years. Its most frequent gibes have been directed against our diplomats.

Aside from a few—a very few—political appointments of the highest order, admission to our Foreign Service is difficult, and a long, hard road lies ahead of the successful candidate before he reaches prominence. Uncle Sam is finally establishing a corps of diplomats who in their younger days have been sent from nation to nation, starting with quite menial tasks. They are permitted to advance only on proven merit and accomplishment.

Each year many hundreds of young enthusiasts seek permission to take the examinations for entrance into the Foreign Service. Senatorial approval being necessary, the number is cut to about three hundred. Only about sixty are able to pass the written tests and this number is reduced to twenty by oral and physical examination. The oral examination frankly eliminates those who do not have the social bearing and private incomes necessary for the tasks ahead. It is not that the State Department believes in an aristocracy of wealth but rather that it has been a policy of long standing for our foreign servants to pay much of the burden of governmental representation as the price of their assignments. The decision of the Examining Board, therefore, is not based on snobbery, but on necessity.

The first assignment of the newly appointed member of the Foreign Service is to a vice-consulate in some way post of South or Central America. Within one year he is returned to Washington, and to such practical experience as he has received is added a four months' course in the Foreign Service School. Then it is back to a vice-consulate in another forsaken hole. If the man proves out after this harsh apprenticeship, at the end of five years he will be given a junior secretaryship at one of the minor legations. Then it is up to him as to how far he will advance.

The old days of a rougher diplomacy have passed. No more could there be that classic example when our representatives went to the coronation of King Kalakaua in Hawaii before that garden spot came under our wing. As Admiral Rodman tells the story, there had been a day of feasting and drinking, in fact, there had been too much feasting and quite too much drinking. Just prior to mounting the throne for the coronation ceremony, the King whispered, "Rodman, I wish you would do me a favor."

"Certainly, your Majesty."

"Then," said the King, "if you will have the kindness to remove the Envoy's aide and Lieutenant Y———— from the throne, it will be appreciated."

The functions of the State Department are many and varied both internally and externally. The Secretary of State is not only the President's contact man with the outside world but also with the chief executives of the states of the Union. His Department publishes the laws passed by Congress as well as all Executive proclamations.

His principal duties are, however, foreign. He has the power of treaty making, subject, of course, to the wishes of the President under whose direction he specifically acts and subject to the approval of the Senate. As our commerce and people track the globe, they are continually under his supervision and care.

The Secretary is assisted by one Under Secretary and four Assistant Secretaries. Their duties are not closely defined and vary with their abilities and special training. Among the secondary advisers is the legal branch which is unique in that it must know the hodgepodge of laws of all of our states as well as the laws of varying countries with their different civilizations, backgrounds, and ethical outlooks. Six Geographical Divisions divide among themselves the territory of the world. Their duties require an expert knowledge of all happenings in their areas. Their analyses must be economic as well as political. These are the Divisions of Far Eastern Affairs, Latin American Affairs, Western European Affairs, Eastern European Affairs, Near Eastern Affairs, and Mexican Affairs.

The Division of Protocol and Conferences is one of the most interesting and exacting of the minor functions of the State Department. It is amazing to find that there are

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still people left in these revolutionary times who show so much regard for the little formalities and customs of the past. Many other divisions of the Department exercise important functions, but they are of a routine nature.

There are many and varied requirements of our Foreign Service Officers. There was a day in Queenstown, May 7, 1915, when Wesley Frost, a young $1,600-a-year consul, heard a rumor on the street of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania.* It proved to be true, and within a few hours the rescue ships started to arrive with the survivors, many of whom were severely injured. Canvas tarpaulins covered the stacks of dead. From that minute until the end of the year he was the center of heartrending scenes of broken families, the bodies of mothers with their dead infants clasped in their arms, bodies that drifted the sea for weeks before their recovery, relatives that waited months in vain for some trace of loved ones lost forever. The horror of it was sufficient to have unnerved Frost if there had not been the responsibilities of the consular office. Survivors had to be cared for and bodies must be returned to the United States with due regard to religious and racial customs.

Then came the question of German guilt. America was aflame; forces at home drove ahead for revenge. A mis-stated word might precipitate war, or an understated word might lead our nation into a position of international contempt. A judicial investigation of witnesses went on for months and finally its conclusions formed one of the basic reasons for our entry into the war against Germany. Wesley Frost throughout this exacting period and during the next year and a half cared for the survivors and reported on eighty different submarine attacks in which American citizens or rights were imperiled or destroyed.

Our foreign representatives are supposed to seek out new markets. They are bombarded with inquiries and demands from thousands of manufacturers anxious to expand their trade. There was a consul in an obscure station in the tropics, who hidden away in this remote post for years had not followed the changes at home. Along with other trade inquiries one day came a plaint from a maker of brassieres. They were getting no orders. What was wrong?

"Brassieres? What are they?" puzzled the consul. He knew that back home people had begun to use brass bedsteads, ornamental brass fenders, tongs and things for the fireplace. He searched the catalogues, barrels of them, but not one word could he find about "brassieres."

It looked French, but his French dictionary was a small one. There he found "brasier." It meant coal-pan, red hot fire or in other words, a brazier.

"No," he wrote to the inquisitive manufacturer, "there is no market at Pijijiapam for brassieres. The country abounds in choice hardwoods, and local carpenters are competent to satisfy the trade."

Not long afterwards he secured the aid of a girl secretary who knew what "brassieres" were. One day when she was working on the files, the consul thought he heard a sob —a little gasping sob. Looking in her office he saw her with face buried in her handkerchief in an endeavor to suppress her emotions. "Oh!" she gasped, "I've looked everywhere for the answer to this letter about brassieres. Did they ever reply to it?"

The State Department requires 800 employees, while the Foreign Service is made up of a total of 3,500, of whom 710 are career men. About 1,200 are foreigners, filling such positions as stenographers, interpreters and menials. It has, however, of late been found necessary for secrecy to use only American citizens in all embassies abroad. The vast field system requires 55 embassies and legations in as many foreign countries, as well as 300 consular posts in the principal commercial, industrial, and shipping centers of the world. Yet, in spite of its many activities and important ramifications, the total net cost of the operation of the Department of State and the Foreign Service is only about $5,500,000 annually. Certainly no other similar expenditure brings such great returns, renders such broad service, and entails such stern responsibility to the people of the nation and to the peoples of the world.

This loyal force has been subjected, during the past year to a degree of neglect and inhumanity that is a disgrace to this, the richest nation of the world. While we have scattered billions in reckless abandon throughout our homeland, we have shirked our barest necessities to this little group which has been standing by its posts ready to serve our citizens on the highways and byways of the world. It has not yet become an accepted principle of our Government that it is bound either legally or morally to keep a contract with an individual in its employ.

Foreign Service officers went abroad, secured homes on leases and were prepared to meet the requirements of their positions, both social and official. They had been assured that salaries were fixed and that there would be certain allowances for rent, entertainment, and other special grants. No one objected to the first 15 per cent cut of the President's Economy Bill and no one of them has yet asked for its return. They were willing to share that burden along with all other employees, but they did start to think when the special grants and entertainment allowances were canceled and when rent allowances were cut 65 per cent. It must be remembered that leases and fixed charges were not subject to reductions. Then followed the terrible blow of the United States going off the gold standard with the consequent shrinkage of the dollar abroad. This meant a total reduction averaging about 52 per cent of total previous incomes.

The interests of the United States did not suffer because our representatives were too loyal for that. Rather, families were sent home; furniture was sold to raise money, and children were removed from schools. The junior secretaries in some places flocked together and lived with the Minister in the Legation so that they all might pool their scanty incomes and survive. One married officer, after paying his fixed charges, had only $15 remaining from his salary to meet all of his family's personal expenses. It must be remembered that private incomes which might have sufficed had been either wiped out or drastically reduced.

Cases of insanity developed; there was at least one suicide, and misery and worry were general. Yet our representatives kept their heads up; did the necessary entertaining, and carried our interests ahead through one of our most successful years of diplomacy. Our patched seat diplomats carried on. Fortunately this harsh situation is soon to be relieved by Congressional action.

It is odd that no one likes to act within his specified role. No naval officer likes to be considered as a fire-eating fighting man. Naval publicity reeks with the strain of "Diplomats of the sea." Just the opposite is true among our diplomats. They want to be known as the "Warriors

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of the conference table." Both the Navy and the Diplomats are right. A surprising amount of their efforts and successes are earned hand in hand.

The Foreign Service and the Navy must always be considered as our two first lines of defense. Yet, while a strong Navy in time of peace is a guarantee against war, this function is merely negative. The Department of State, however, is a positive and active force for peace.

The Department of State should be adequately financed and its officers should be properly remunerated for their services and expenses so that for new blood it would not be forced to draw on only the more wealthy candidates. Its work is so vital to the future of the nation that the best minds should be made available even though some of them come from more humble walks of life. The Department must be recognized as an army against war and its chief officers as a General Staff for Peace.

It has been impossible to describe all of the fifty-five principal representatives to foreign nations. Only those have been described who warrant special comment by the importance of their mission or because of outstanding interest in their problems. Many able and worthy men have been omitted only because they have so skillfully organized their work in Washington or foreign lands that no screech in the machinery under their supervision attracts attention:

CORDELL HULL (*Secretary of State*). He was a "New Dealer" when most of the members of the Brain Trust were biting their pencils over their first problems in addition. He has to his credit the first Federal Income and Inheritance Taxes, real evidences of the first budding liberalism of this country. Since enactment, these measures have paid thirty-five billions into the Treasury. He has always been a student of the broad field of governmental fiscal affairs: loans, taxes, and expenditures. Now that economics are replacing politics in diplomacy, he stands eminently fitted for the tasks ahead.

Attractive, kindly and courteous, he is one of the outstanding men in the cabinet, with only one close competitor, in the jack-of-all-trades, Ickes. Originally selected as a figure head for the State Department where the career diplomats and the bright young men designed to pull the strings for the Brain Trust were to run things, Hull has quietly, doggedly, but surely, cleaned house. Not a vestige of the Moley-Payer-Mullen group remains. When George Peek fell out with the *agricultural bloc* he was slated for a special post in the State Department, but in three months he has not even secured desk space. Hull reigns supreme today in matters of diplomacy. He is a sincere man and deep in his convictions. He avoids the sugary platitudes of the Bryan regime, the formulas of the Kellogg era, and the wordiness of the Stimsonian debacle. As long as he survives, American imperialism is dead. Marines will shine their rifles at Quantico; cruisers will fire their guns only at targets and foreign investors will, at their own hazard, send their funds abroad in quest of profits. His South American voyage of good will was a triumph of personal diplomacy because of his international live and let live policy.

Trained as a lawyer his entire life has been spent in public service as legislator, judge, soldier, representative and senator. Always a low tariff advocate he now sees the goal of a lifetime ambition nearing as Congress debates the question of a blanket authorization to the President to juggle tariffs downward in exchange for international trade. No better trained man is available in the United States to negotiate these treaties. Our interests will be secure, for underneath a kindly exterior that tall, serious Tennessean is hard—hard as iron. The international trade policies of the government today are those laid down in 1932 in the Democratic Platform that was written by A. Mitchell Palmer and the then, Senator Hull. Through all the froth of the past year he has held on to his convictions and policies and he now sees them accepted.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS (*Under Secretary of State*). A conspicuous example of the splendid type of diplomat and executive developed by the selective processes of the merit system in the Foreign Service corps. Three years ahead of President Franklin D. Roosevelt at Harvard and his friend over the years, it was only natural that Phillips should appear in the President's official family in this important assignment.

On leaving college with a law degree in his possession he made his diplomatic start as private secretary to none less than Ambassador Joseph H. Choate in London. Step by step he has climbed the ladder touching the various capitals of the world. As far back as 1909 he was third Assistant Secretary of State; in 1917 Assistant Secretary of State; Minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg in 1920; Under Secretary of State in 1922; Ambassador to Belgium in 1924. The great stature of the man is shown by his willingness to give up this high position of Ambassador for the secondary position of our first Minister to Canada. Phillips saw that the proper organization of the post was of much greater value to the nation than his own personal ambitions. The results of his work in Canada were well worth his sacrifice.

After three years in retirement he was called to his present position, where with his wealth of background abroad and in Washington, he supervises the acts of 800 members of the State Department and three and a half thousand representatives that are scattered to all the capitals and outposts of the globe. He also contacts the foreign representatives of Washington, in which group he is most highly regarded. For a year there has not been one diplomatic break or muddled situation. After the recent years, the record is most gratifying.

Phillips is exceptional for his tact, skill in negotiation, discretion, and industry. He has had the happy knack of always associating himself with the right men. His ladder to success has been Joseph H. Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he has climbed of his own ability, initiative, and personality.

WILBUR J. CARR (*Assistant Secretary of State*). Mr. Carr is actually works manager at home and abroad. If there is a difficult task to be done in Washington Carr is sent for. Administrations come and go, but Carr remains. Consequently, if a man can be said to be indispensable, Carr is. Either his delightful sense of humor or his ability to keep busy must have been responsible for the almost boyish sixty-four-year-old man that greets his callers. Back in 1892, forty-two years ago, he started as a clerk at $1,000 a year and now he has climbed

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to the top, not only in rank but in the affection of all the members of the Department. He is responsible for steering legislation affecting the State Department through Congress. Many departments make a practice of asking for larger appropriations than are required, hoping that in spite of cuts on the Hill they will be left ultimately with their requirements. Carr has refused any such tactics and has been severely criticized within his own group, but has now a respect among the legislators that has stood his Department in good stead through the economy years.

The stabilization of the Foreign Service on a sound practical basis is a monument to his foresight and effort.

SUMNER WELLES (*Assistant Secretary of State*). The international trouble shooter. Trouble in 1922 in the Dominican Republic—Welles was rushed there to straighten out the difficulties. A revolution between two factions in Honduras in 1924—Welles rushed down there as the President's personal representative and put the wrecked engine of government back on the tracks. It was in the recent Cuban embroilment, however, that he gained his greatest prominence. He had returned to the service with a definite understanding that he was not to leave Washington, but, nevertheless, he answered the President's orders to clear up the situation in our sister republic to the south. This assignment he knew destined him to be an international chopping block. Unpopularity and extreme danger he knew would accompany his efforts. Only a man of courage would have taken the assignment. He soon found not one but many revolutions on his hands. Due to the Secretary's policy, he lacked the usual backing of marines and men-of-war. He was attacked by many of the newspapers of his homeland and by everyone in Cuba. He, however, saw his job through and returned to his old post in Washington where he now supervises our Latin American affairs. He is an independent thinker with the courage of his convictions. A career man, but of recent years he has been in and out of the service. He lives as a gentleman farmer in a beautiful country place along the Potomac in Maryland where he finds time to write an occasional book.

R. WALTON MOORE (*Assistant Secretary of State*). Judge Moore is an aged, retired lawyer who was called into the State Department more as a crony for his old friend Hull than for any particular purpose. Nevertheless, his years of legal training and his friendships gained through his service as a member of Congress are proving invaluable. He had long been an influential member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. He is a delightful man with a fine sense of humor but who uses few words and those to the point. Recently during rather wordy negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, we were trying to obligate her to accept a large amount of our pork products in exchange for permission to import her liquors. The Judge, at a dinner at the British Embassy, was seated by Lady Lindsay. The talk turned to that ever agreeable subject of a resident of the Old Dominion state: Virginia ham. The Judge, warming to his subject, finally promised the gift of one of these porcine delights. Promptly the next morning a messenger arrived at the Embassy with the gift. He was sent back with a quart of Scotch and the international deal was closed.

FRANCIS B. SAYRE (*Assistant Secretary of State*). He is a recent appointment. A Harvard professor but not a "New Dealer." A realist with his feet on the ground. Son-in-law of President Wilson. Because of his academic background and in view of the recent housecleaning of "Brain Trusters" his appearance was at first greeted with suspicion by the old timers, but his magnetic and attractive personality, his rapid moving mind, and his extreme energy is breaking down all opposition. He is now felt to be one of the real finds of the Roosevelt Administration. He is well prepared for his task having been an outstanding international lawyer, adviser to the government of Siam, and negotiator of a number of commercial treaties for that government. He is a writer of no small merit.

If the President is granted the broad tariff powers that he seeks, Sayre will become one of the most important men in Washington for on him will fall the immediate burden of planning and negotiating trade pacts with twenty-eight foreign nations. He is an excellent trader with a full knowledge of our economic and military requirements. An ill prepared man at this task could do irreparable damage to our agriculture, industry, and national defense. Sayre teams in well with Secretary Hull. Hull initiates, and Sayre does the spade work.

JAMES CLEMENT DUNN (*Special Assistant to the Secretary of State*). When there was no Division of Protocol and Conferences, Charles Lee Cooke was consulted on all matters of precedence, international etiquette, and any other fine points of behavior. Had some unfortunate blight suddenly claimed this custodian of the social niceties, Washington would have been lost, for all of his knowledge was inside of his head. In fear of a possible disaster Jimmy Dunn, wealthy and adept at the social demands, was rushed home from a secretariat in Belgium to head the new Division of Protocol and Conferences. He promptly organized his department and coaxed Mr. Cooke to put it all down in black and white. Due care was taken to follow our American customs.

His duties required him to make the arrangements for the American delegations at the Economic Conferences at London and at Montevideo. His work was so well done that he caught Secretary Hull's attention, and now he is kept right at the secretarial elbow as a most trusted adviser and personal aide. He is young, keen, unruffled, cool in an emergency, and well balanced in judgment. He is establishing himself as a diplomatic pinch hitter and is one of the coming men of the Foreign Service.

EDWIN C. WILSON (*Chief of Division of Latin American Affairs*). A Foreign Service officer in charge of correlating and digesting all information available on those vast South American empires. His direct associations with the subject countries combined with his ability to give a quick picture of developments makes him a trusted adviser. He is an excellent linguist; quiet, self-effacing, amiable, able and uniformly successful. He is considered as well able to handle the immense amount of detail and to properly analyze the highly important problems that come before him.

JAY PIERREPONT MOFFAT (*Chief of Division of Western European Affairs*). He heads the largest and most active of the Geo-

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graphical Divisions. An expert on disarmament, all such questions head up in him. He, consequently, is the contact man with the Army and Navy. He is also a specialist on the League of Nations, the World Court, and has an intimate knowledge of the political situation in all western European countries. It is his duty to follow the kaleidoscopic changes in that war hungry area. Moffat is a scholarly, clever, alert, and agreeable career diplomat.

ROBERT F. KELLEY (*Chief of the Division of Eastern European Affairs*). Responsibility for information on Russia and its former provinces is the lot of Mr. Kelley, and it has been an unhappy one. During the years of non-recognition of the Soviet he was ridiculed by liberals and conservatives alike. Now that Comrade Litvinoff has called and departed with recognition in his satchel and with a grin on his face at Japan, many feel that Kelley has been defeated in his stubborn policy and that he should withdraw to some secluded part of the globe. Not at all—the function of the chiefs of the Geographical Divisions is not to establish policies but to furnish information. A good analyst is equally well acquainted with both sides of a problem. This is true of Kelley. Even though his personal leanings might be conservative, a counter weight to the ebullient Bullitt isolated in distant Moscow might not be amiss. Anyway he has such a complete grip on his subject that he cannot be replaced. He would be an asset to any Foreign Office because he is scientific rather than partisan.

HERBERT FEIS (*Economic Adviser*). The prominence of Mr. Feis in the Department of State is due to two factors: the trend to the economic rather than political in international relations and the great admiration which his associates hold for him. When Secretary Stimson was confronted with the problems of international debts, both governmental and private, he called in Feis and after he was there a short time he was accepted as a fixture. He has written several authoritative books on international finance as well as on the relations of employers to labor.

He is a quick, clever thinker with an original, adaptable, and agile mind. He talks straight from the shoulder, is a realist and can, if he feels conditions demand it, surround his discussion with bitter truth.

MARGARET HANNA (*Chief of Office of Correction and Review*). A remarkable survivor of an earlier day when care and exactness were more important than speed. When Alvey A. Adee was told to return from Madrid to Washington for duty after his years of intimate contact with Europe, gained from the seat of a bicycle, he brought with him an accumulation of knowledge so valuable that, once entrenched in the Department, all feared and dreaded the day of his departure. This was back in 1878. Because of his vast background it developed that every paper that left the Department was referred to him so that he might determine its correctness. In this work for years he had had as his aide, Miss Margaret Hanna. When finally he became so aged that he could not carry on, she took up his duties.

Today no official paper leaves the Department of State without her approval of each detail. She is supreme. She says just what the Secretary will sign, what the Under Secretary can sign, and what just an ordinary Assistant Secretary may sign, and she takes them in to their offices and they sign where she points. Each document or letter has been approved for fact, legality, background, and judgment, and has been proof read. Of course she consults others but she determines when the task is complete. This procedure is followed on over 4,000 letters each week and yet she does not delay but tends to expedite the paper work of the Department. She has been at her task so long that her age no longer appears in the Foreign Service Directory. She has become an institution—a beloved institution, who shepherds the Department personnel with as much anxiety and care as she does her papers.

MICHAEL J. McDERMOTT (*Head of Division of Current Information*). Contact man with the publicity world and a true friend of the reporter. He was confidential secretary to General Tasker H. Bliss when in 1917-18 he was a member of the Supreme War Council; later secretary to Elihu Root, and finally a civil service appointee to his present post. He is loyal to his Department, not just to those in power. Past Secretaries receive the same courteous consideration as Mr. Hull, because he has a deep, almost fanatical, love of the Foreign Service. There is no rankling in his heart because he is civil service and another is a career diplomat for he sees both of them engaged in the same task. Consequently, he is a rare individual, well placed.

His most recent contribution to clearing the name of the Diplomatic Corps came recently in a gathering of six diplomats and six reporters, when he disclosed the fact that four pair of spats were present—all worn by reporters. He considers that the press is forever forestalled from again using the slur of "spats" against his service.

IN THE FIELD (*Political Appointees—Stationary*). Last year a hard working Democratic politician became ambitious for a diplomatic appointment. Armed with a stack of senatorial endorsements and honeyed phrases from the organizations back home, he tackled the mecca of the worthy. Having explained his desires, he was chilled with the reply: "Why the people that get those jobs have shelled out a lot of cash."

Sensing the solution, the applicant replied, as though he had suddenly been shown a bright light, "Well, how much do they cost?"

The big hearted meccaite was too practical to throw him out, so he merely answered, "They are the men that tossed in the dough when Roosevelt didn't even look like a good bet at the first state primaries." This is certainly the only explanation of some of the political appointments to the Diplomatic Corps but, obviously, many others are men of small resources but outstanding mental attainments.

The political Ambassador or Minister will soon be a relic of the past, for the time has come when we cannot trust the affairs of our nation to a man whose only recommendations are those of a successful ward boss or a campaign contribution.

ROBERT W. BINGHAM (*Ambassador to Great Britain*). A delightful southern gentleman, publisher of the *Louisville Courier Journal* and the *Louisville Times;* a successful lawyer, and husband of the widow of the late Henry M. Flagler of Florida millions; a director in many ventures, and now attainer of the ultimate—Ambassador to the Court of

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St. James's, but nevertheless a weak, futile Ambassador.

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS (*Ambassador to France*). A modest man who describes his past life as "Harvard, bank clerk, and connected with a department store." Actually, President of R. H. Macy & Company of New York City, one of the largest retail merchandising agencies in the world. Of unusual culture, a fluent linguist, a hard worker, a director in many charitable organizations. With outstanding administrative ability, he is doing as well as could be expected at Paris, while the mass of the peoples of both France and the United States are at complete odds. His ill health may dictate an early return to this country.

WILLIAM E. DODD (*Ambassador to Germany*). A professor of American History at the University of Chicago. Studied at the University of Leipzig, consequently, speaks German fluently. A prolific writer of histories in English and German. Attained prominence as one of the first in this country, after the World War, to state publicly that German Imperialists were not solely responsible for the war. Active in Chicago Democratic politics.

As German Ambassador he has proven himself to be a weak choice. He was not the fighter needed during the early days of the Hitler regime. Consequently, he lacks influence in the right quarters.

It became necessary for the Consul General at Berlin, George Messersmith, to assume the responsibility throughout Germany of protecting American lives and business interests. He has exerted a most beneficial influence and has kept in constant touch with the less fortunate religious groups. He has for years been known as the finest economic reporter in our Foreign Service. His reward was promotion to the position of Minister to Austria.

WILLIAM C. BULLITT (*Ambassador to U. S. S. R.*). At the Paris Peace Conference a young, unimportant official so differed with his President over the treaty about to be signed that he delivered a stinging resignation, charging disloyalty to principles. Later he denounced his Chief before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee and disclosed personal conversations with Secretary Lansing, thereby laying the foundation for the ultimate break between Lansing and Wilson. A trip by sleigh from the Russian border to Moscow in 1919 had made a tremendous impression on Bullitt's mind.

He was the only natural choice for the newly created post at Moscow. The years have sobered him without destroying any of his enthusiasm. From the point of view of both the Soviet and this country his appointment cannot be questioned. He has no false illusions towards the Russians and may be expected to be cold blooded in any official dealings with them. He will fight for his convictions; is a natural born diplomat with little training; is an indefatigable worker; has unlimited courage, and in an emergency acts like a machine. In the Washington negotiations with Comrade Litvinoff, he carried the brunt of the negotiations and was a great support to the President. It is too early to hazard a guess as to what he, or any man, can accomplish at that difficult, speculative post.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS (*Ambassador to Spain*). Editor and writer whose outstanding contribution to the Democratic Party has been his excellent books on great Democratic leaders of the past. In 1928, at Houston, he gave the keynote address before the Democratic Convention. Although his diplomatic post is a quiet one, off the beaten tracks, he has developed a reputation as a careful, painstaking executive. His one triumph was the result of an evening out by four Americans in Majorca. Their row with a law enforcement officer developed into an international incident which led into most complex channels. In solving this problem the Ambassador acquitted himself with honor.

BRECKINRIDGE LONG (*Ambassador to Italy*). A former Assistant Secretary of State in the Wilson Administration but not a career man. He is very ambitious—ambitious to do a good job, and all reports at the Department indicate that he is most successful. He is alert, develops excellent information, and has all matters concerning both Italy and the United States at his finger tips. He has had, however, no large problem to solve.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS (*Ambassador to Mexico*). When President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, Daniels, picked up a green youngster and made him his assistant, he gave Franklin D. Roosevelt his national political start. Consequently, when Daniels wanted to go as Ambassador to Mexico there could be no objection raised. In the joy of making this appointment even the fact was forgotten that Daniels had had a little private war with Mexico at Veracruz. His Navy had bombarded the Naval Academy and troops had landed. Proof of his ability and likeableness is that he has more than overcome this initial handicap. State Department officials admit that they "shivered" for him during his first month in the southern capital.

RUTH BRYAN OWEN (*Minister to Denmark*). Our first Madam Minister and a delightful, strikingly handsome, and attractive lady. As daughter of William Jennings Bryan, she inherited much of his political outlook. A Congresswoman, member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and high in the councils of her party. A war nurse from 1915-18. Although Denmark was delighted to be the nation to greet our first "Madam Minister," yet she was received with skepticism and this was a decided handicap to her at the start of her mission. Her clever political handling of negotiations with the Danes soon convinced them, however, that she was well chosen on a basis of ability. She maintains a simple, yet dignified, hospitality at the Legation. Any of our representatives to that country works under the difficulty of having no trading strength. We already sell the Danes almost twenty times as much as we buy from them.

Political Appointees — In Transit

NORMAN DAVIS (*Chairman of the American Delegation to the Disarmament Conference with personal rank of Ambassador*). There is no mid course in forming an opinion on Mr. Davis. In most minds he falls into one of two classifications. By background and associations he is ill suited to represent this nation in matters of debt cancellation and disarmament. A sugar baron in Cuba. A

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Morgan taint in New York. A British taint in England. A past adviser on foreign debts and a past Under Secretary of State. He believes the only way to gain a disarmament or naval treaty is to abandon the American position and do what Britain suggests. His recently assumed task, in his private capacity, of international liquidator of the Ivar Kreuger interests takes him so deeply into the question of international debts and armament loans as to raise a serious question as to where his interests lie. By agreement he is only a part time Ambassador, but the arrangement is conflicting. At the time of writing, London reports his presence in disarmament discussions while the State Department denies it.

Or—Mr. Davis is an outstanding expert on disarmament problems, with knowledge of the technical questions surrounding battlefleets, tanks, gas, fortification, and the many other instruments of destruction. He is clever, a good trader, and an adroit and astute observer. His personal contacts in the capitals of the nations of Europe are unequaled by any living man. Abroad he is held in admiration and respect. He is admitted by everyone to be sincere but an incurable optimist and consequently does not have his feet firmly on the ground in the complex problems of disarmament.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILDS (*Temporary Special Assistant to the Secretary of State*). Author, past Ambassador to Italy and now a roving reporter to Europe. His appointment was born in misunderstanding as to his status. Was he an Ambassador, or was he an Assistant to the Secretary of State with the salary of an Ambassador? Conflicting announcements bemuddled the public for two days. Finally it was determined that he was merely to observe, not to negotiate, and *above all, not talk*. Today's papers indicate that the last restriction was too severe on him. The Department is having the "jitters," and smiling, too, for he *is* very popular. The reason for his appointment is clouded in mystery, but a highly critical and to the point series of editorials on administrative policies which he was syndicating through the United States is felt to have been influential. Certainly a journalist was never given a more attractive assignment under more favorable conditions.

ROBERT P. SKINNER (*Ambassador to Turkey*). A career ambassador, Michael McDermott, press relations head in Washington, had been getting irritable with the gibes of the reporters over the Insull case. When the chartered merchant ship finally took the ex-king of utility jugglers aboard and headed for Turkey, one old scribe said, "That ends it for Insull. Skinner will get him." And he did. Obviously, his friends in Turkey acted so fast that the law had a hard time catching up with them. Skinner should know all of the tricks of the game because he is sixty-seven years old and thirty-six years a diplomat. He could have been retired several years ago, but he was deemed too valuable to release. As editor of a Massillon, Ohio, newspaper, he made friends with William McKinley. When the latter became President, he gave Skinner and his bride a wedding present of a foreign post as Consul at Marseilles. Later he opened trade relations with Ethiopia and signed the first treaty with that nation. These experiences he used as the basis for a book of considerable merit. He was Consul General at London during the war years when he showed an administrative ability that established him as our greatest consular officer. Today he is our outstanding Ambassador in Europe. His record in training younger officers has been notable and they have been devoted to him.

HUGH S. GIBSON (*Ambassador to Brazil*). As secretary to Brand Whitlock, Minister to Belgium, he first leaped into prominence through his efforts to save Edith Cavell. The night before her execution he pleaded with the Germans to spare her life. He was the first career man to be an Ambassador. While at Brussels in this capacity he was head of our Disarmament Delegation and as an expert in that line he is considered superior to Norman Davis, the present delegation head. He suffered the penalty of having become a friend of Herbert Hoover when the latter was in charge of the Belgium Relief. For years they were intimate and Gibson even helped at times to write his speeches. Consequently, the change in administration almost saw him in the discard but fortunately he was retained in the important but inferior post as Ambassador to Brazil. He is a frank, candid, humorous, and a positive individual. He will talk freely on a subject that he understands until the conversation shifts on to grounds in which he believes his listener is better informed than himself. Then he will turn into a keen interrogator and fairly pump for information. He is one of our outstanding Foreign Service officers.

JEFFERSON CAFFERY (*Ambassador to Cuba*). An extraordinarily effective person in the field, who follows the policies as laid down to him by the Department. Unassuming, a conscientious plodder, who, in spite of a background of a National Cash Register fortune, is doing a serious job in the Foreign Service. His problem in Cuba is one of the most difficult that any of our diplomats has to face. He was sent there because he can follow orders.

THE DIVISION OF FAR EASTERN AFFAIRS. With clouds over the Pacific, the custodians of our Far East relations assume special importance. In that region past Secretaries of State have reared a solid structure. It is an example of what we may expect from our entire Foreign Service once the full advantage is possible of using only men in responsible positions who have the background of a lifetime of diplomatic training. Today we have no amateurs in the Far East. Consequently, it is our strongest geographical area and further—it is the strongest Far East Division representing any nation. In the trying, perplexing years ahead this little group which has so deeply implanted admiration and respect for this country and which has built up such a wealth of knowledge of the countries and peoples of the Far East, may have a chance to show its real worth. On it may rest the future of the United States in the Far East:

STANLEY KUHL HORNBECK (*Chief of Division of Far Eastern Affairs*). Secretary Kellogg's one substantial contribution to our diplomacy was Stanley Hornbeck. The Geographical Divisions having assumed prime importance in the collecting and digesting of information and happenings in their given fields, it was most important not to have them manned by the constantly shifting Foreign Service officers. The greatest embarrassment was experienced in the complex Far East region. Kellogg

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found Hornbeck, who for years had been in and out of various government activities as a special adviser but who was, at that time, and remains primarily, a professor—but of the right school of thought. He was placed in charge of our Far Eastern Division where he reigns supreme today. The word went out to find equally able heads for the other Divisions but Hornbeck had set such a high standard that for six years the other positions have not been filled.

He is a clear thinker; will not jump at a conclusion; hates reporters who tamper with the truth; is a most undiplomatic diplomat in the seclusion of his office because he enjoys dragging out the truth so that he can watch others gasp, and delights in verbal fencing. He willingly grants conferences with writers and reporters, but if they do not know their subject, he closes up like the proverbial clam. If the writer has been forewarned and indicates a background, he is greeted with a wealth of information. Hornbeck was at his best recently when a speech of his was misquoted in the press of Japan. International comments were made. The Japanese press and Japanese officialdom seethed, but he refused to be disconcerted. To him there was only one issue—certainly not his speech—but the news service that had misquoted him. He is that way, he does not allow collateral discussions to befog an issue.

JOSEPH C. GREW (*Ambassador to Japan*). He was a student at both Groton and Harvard concurrently with Franklin D. Roosevelt but that did not give him his start in the Foreign Service. It took fate and a tiger to do that. Born of Boston banking background he was slated to follow in the steps of his forebears, but upon leaving Harvard he saw otherwise. An around the world hunting expedition was arranged to meet at Singapore. There they chartered a ship, but before sailing the master doubled the ante so they decided to take a chance on the first ship to leave regardless of its destination. It dropped them first at Sumatra and later in India. After a period of hunting Grew was stricken with tropical fever and for a long time was out of his head. Each day the American Consul called to see him, and when Grew regained consciousness they became firm friends. Grew could not understand why a man would waste his life in such a heat blistered spot. The consul explained that he was rendering his little service to his nation and to the Americans that passed by.

Grew next went to China after cave tiger. They located one but no one but Grew dared to go into the low narrow opening after the tiger. He crawled in on his stomach. The lights that were lowered into the cave by means of cords showed nothing in the darkness but two glowing eyes. As he fired the concussion put out the lights. The tiger charged but fell dead before it reached the hunter.

The conversations with the Consul back in India had made such an impression on Grew that he decided to enter the diplomatic service and finally secured a temporary position as file clerk in Egypt. From there he wrote to a friend to try to get a Presidential appointment, but it was without results. In his spare time he wrote the story of his hunts. Theodore Roosevelt saw them, and one day fate intervened, when the President asked Grew's friend if by any chance he knew the author. He replied that he did and told of Grew's desire to enter the Diplomatic Service. The President acted immediately.

Today Grew faces another tiger in Tokyo—a nation pitched at war fever and in quest of its destiny. He is well prepared for the serious task before him. He tells the truth in a plain spoken, fearless manner to the Japanese and they like him for it. He was appointed to his present position by President Hoover and is retained by President Roosevelt.

He has one remarkable asset as a diplomat—he is deaf—but not as deaf as many people think. Being a product of Boston he is reserved and cautious. He is also quiet, cool, intelligent, likable, and a clear thinker. He tries to see both sides of a controversial question and today that is important in Japan.

NELSON T. JOHNSON (*Minister to China*). A young man who started as a much younger man twenty-seven years ago as a student interpreter in China and today has returned there as United States Minister. His task is not easy because of the divided control of China. He is our real Diplomat-at-Large for he must divide his time between the Legation at Peiping and the unofficial Legation at Nanking, where he is so ably assisted by George Peck. In addition he spends much time traveling through other regions making friends with the various factions and looking out for our national interests.

He is a product of the diplomatic school of experience; only years could have adapted a man to such a job and such a usefulness. He knows and understands the Chinese and thinks in their terms and is unique among western representatives because he insists on a fair deal for China. He is highly regarded and very influential with those individuals behind the scenes who pull the strings of government. Of course, he speaks Mandarin Chinese as well as many of its dialects. His hobbies are Chinese lore, ancient culture, history and art. He has, of late, ventured to try his own hand at painting with some success. He is jovial, rotund, informal in manner and dress and outstanding among our foreign Ministers and Ambassadors—he lives on his salary. Very few government officials carry greater responsibilities than Nelson T. Johnson, or discharge them as well.

JOHN VAN A. MacMURRAY (*Minister to Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania*). He must always be associated with China. His present assignment is the result of his resignation from the service when he was Minister to that country. For several years he had been with the Walter Hines Page School of Diplomacy at Johns Hopkins University. When his friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt went into the Presidency, he was asked to take the Ministerial posts in Russia's three lost Baltic provinces. He was head of the Far Eastern Division during the Washington Conference, and because of his outstanding contributions to the work of that meeting was elevated to Assistant Secretary of State, only to go later as Minister to China.

He is keen, incisive, a masterful user of language, an outstanding personality, and an excellent listener. His technical background on Far Eastern questions was greatly enhanced by the preparation of an exhaustive work of two thousand pages on Chinese treaties that has been accepted as a world authority.

EDWIN S. CUNNINGHAM (*Consul General at Shanghai*). When the Japanese Army and Navy con-

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Economic War Reports

Compiled by E. H. Collins

American Front

AFTER HAVING SHOWN a desire to combine the best features of nationalism and a larger foreign trade, the United States has now exhibited a confusion of purpose as to which road its development should take. The Export-Import bank to finance trade with Russia has become a useless ornament since the enactment of the Johnson bill into law, a bill, incidentally, which may prove to have the greatest economic and political importance. Mr. Peek expressed views on the proper course for the nation's external trade to take which were immediately challenged, anonymously, by others in Administration circles. Mr. Peek spoke of the need for recapturing the lead in exports which the United States lost to Great Britain last year, and then dwelt on the need for enlarging the country's imports so as to bring the foreign trade into actual balance. One of the moves of the most far reaching consequence for the country's trade is being fostered by Congress rather than the Administration proper. It is the plan to accept silver in payment for exports of agricultural produce, and around this program are rallied the inflationists, the farm *bloc* and the silver crowd, waging a fight in a vote-getting cause. But there is a fly in the ointment: if American farm produce is made available to European manufacturers at prices lower than those in this country, foreign manufacturers will be able to re-export the commodities in finished form on more advantageous terms than can their competitors in the United States. For its part, the Administration, while professing to be opposed to further silver legislation at this time, has sent two of its experts, Messrs. Rogers and Bratter, to China and Japan, respectively, to study the effect of silver prices on Far Eastern trade. Barring another increase in the gold price in the near future, it may be through manipulation of the silver price that the United States makes its next effort to enhance exports.

Italian Front

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has adjusted Italian costs of production again, making the third time during the Depression he has put through a nationwide move to deflate costs. With a swiftness and ease that puts a country to despair which retains democratic forms like France, *Il Duce* decreed that the principal factors in the cost of living—food, rent, clothing, heat and transportation—be reduced from 6 to 20 per cent. This is the only alternative a trading nation can take to the currency depreciation route. It was manifest that Italy had to undertake a major operation or suffer an enlargement of the growing adverse trade balance. The competition with Japan, Britain and Germany on the basis of cheap currencies was more than Italy could cope with. Japan has cut deeply into markets formerly supplied by exports of Italian cotton and silk goods. In addition to the reductions in the cost of production, Italy is rationalizing and subsidizing her cotton and silk industries to place them in a more favorable competitive position.

Italy is following up her closer political relationship with Austria by an attempt to obtain a more important stake in her neighbor's economic life. Italian financiers are negotiating to acquire control of the Austrian Alpine iron ore mines, the biggest in Europe. Control is at the moment lodged with German interests. Italy is looking toward her African colonies, too, for help in rounding out her economy. Somaliland bananas now are supreme in the Italian market; coffee is being grown in Eritrea and exported to Italy, and the Lybian colonies of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica are supplying the homeland with fruit, oil and cotton.

Japanese Sector

THE BRITISH BOARD OF TRADE JOURNAL has completed a survey which shows graphically the extent to which Japan has insinuated herself into world markets in the last two years. This study, taking the average from 1923 to 1928 as 100, discloses that industrial production in Canada in 1933 was 65.7 per cent, Germany, 68.3; Holland, 57.7; the United States, 68.7; France, 85.7; the United Kingdom, 90.9—and Japan, 126. After Japan's merchandise exports had fallen to 1,179,000,000 yen in 1928, the drive for foreign markets began, and in 1932 exports rose to 1,457,000,000 yen and in 1933 to 1,751,000,000 yen. Currency depreciation was an invaluable aid in achieving this result, for, while the dollar was falling to 59 per cent of former gold parity and the pound sterling was falling to 61 per cent, the yen was dropping to 35 per cent. It has been cogently said of Japan that she is "mortgaging her future in order to keep her head above water for the immediate present." Both Great Britain and Holland are pressing Japan to restrain her dumping and raise the ethics of her competitive methods; and if they prove to have the power to take away from Japan the gains she has scored in the export trade to British India, British Africa and the Dutch East Indies they will have achieved a signal victory against their liveliest competitor. To keep Japanese influence in Chinese coast industries down to a minimum officials of the Chinese government are forming a banking firm to take over the industrial loan burden previously shouldered by Tokyo. As Britain does with India, Japan is planning a preferential tariff arrangement with Manchukuo.

German Front

INFLATION HAS HIT GERMANY. It is not inflation of the currency and credit. It is inflation of the employment figures. To hear the Nazis tell it, unemployment in the Reich has been halved in the last year, with the total now 2,800,000, against 5,600,000 a year ago. This showing compares with a fall in the British jobless in the year from 2,914,000 to 2,343,000, in Italy from 1,225,000 to 1,158,000, in the United States from 13,294,000 to 11,374,000 and in Holland from 233,000 to 187,000. Somehow, though, the trade figures do not bear out these optimistic un-

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employment figures, which are arrived at by some reckoning no non-Nazi can understand. The unfavorable trade balance and the significance attached to it by Dr. Schacht made the creditors prepare for the worst at the long term debt conference set for April 27. German exports have brought in so little foreign exchange that an embargo was placed on certain imports, like copper, and restrictions were laid on wool imports from Britain. Trade situation was so unpromising that Hitler approached the arch fiends in Moscow looking for orders, and Dr. Schacht, about to default one set of credits, was quietly sounding out Washington for more credits with which to buy raw materials. The German economic and financial situation was of such a character as to cause the quotation for blocked and registered marks to drop from 30 per cent in the fall to 55 per cent and from 34 to 15 per cent, respectively. The German export congress was led to appoint sub-committees for exploiting the trade possibilities with a set of Japan's new customers, Latin-America, Africa, Manchukuo and the Near East.

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French Front

UNDER DOUMERGUE, France has begun with a grimness she rarely affects to grapple with the high living and production costs which are the bane of the economic life of the gold standard countries on the Continent. The government is starting with governmental costs and is lopping off salaries and jobs right and left. If victory is won and consolidated there, living costs, presumably, are to be tackled, to the end that tourists can be lured back to France. French railroad, steamship and hotel interests are pooling their interests in the campaign to attract tourists, and publicity and information bureaus are being set up in foreign centers. The drive is beginning late this year, and perhaps only indifferent results will follow, especially in view of the head start which Italy has got in the matter of reducing costs affecting tourists. It would appear that France's whole effort is being directed toward restoring the tourist trade, normally an important source of income and foreign exchange. The trade agreement negotiations with Britain are proceeding slowly, and France seems to be in no hurry to hasten them. The import tax of from 4 to 6 per cent on British goods has been withdrawn, as it already had in the case of Belgium and Italy, but the comprehensive trade agreement with Britain is slow to materialize. The beleagured French Treasury has had to borrow 100,000,000 guilders in Amsterdam on terms onerous for a top ranking nation, and from Zurich come rumblings that the Swiss franc may go off, or be forced, off gold. At home and abroad, France has rarely faced greater problems.

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English Sector

A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE has recently befallen Great Britain, whose financial eclipse was so recently thought to be permanent. The passage of the Johnson foreign loan bill in the United States was an act unconcealedly designed to irritate the outer world. While Britain has for two and a half years been exercising close control over her foreign lending, she has not been guilty of such a financial gaucherie as the Johnson bill. Britain's prestige as an international financial center should now be easier to repair. There are two cheerless areas in British trade. Cotton textile exports are below those of a year ago, are about half of the 1928 volume and are one-quarter of the 1913 total. British shipping is stagnant. The chairman of the King Line said that the last four years were the worst in the modern history of the cargo shipping and that seaborne trade was less than in 1913, though the available tonnage was 50 per cent larger. Britain is showing remarkable energy in improving her trade position. A trade agreement has been drawn up with Latvia, and negotiations for agreements with Lithuania and Esthonia are near completion. She has promises from the Dutch, Danish, Norwegian and Swedish governments to cooperate in finding remedies for the shipping depression, with a conference of the interested powers probable. Swedish interests are proposing to Britain that the sterling group initiate plans for freer trade. Walter Runciman has asked the Japanese Ambassador to convey a suggestion to his government for another conference on cotton textile exports. A new company is being formed to provide long and medium-term capital for small concerns, with the Bank of England behind the plan.

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Other British Fronts

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE declares that the immediate outlook for Canadian industry is the brightest since the beginning of the Depression. It holds to this view in spite of the fact that February exports, while still ahead of those of the previous year, showed more than the usual seasonal decline. Lumber and metal exports are particularly favorable. Australian exports in the first eleven months of 293 companies increased to £6,238,- imports, compared with a £28,200,000 excess in the preceding year, profits of 193 companies increased to £6,238,000 from £5,554,000 in 1932, and Australian credit again has a high rating. As a result of the Ottawa Conference agreements, Australian meat trade has improved 25 per cent and Australian commodity exports to Britain increased by nearly £8,500,000 in the year, against an import increase of only £3,000,000. The Irish Free State is having a harder battle of it economically than Canada and Australia. The government, nevertheless, is pushing its nationalistic program, enabling established plants to expand and new ones to open up under tariff protection. Four sugar factories are being constructed, which will be able to supply 80 per cent of the Free State's sugar requirements.

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Russian Front

THE SOVIET UNION has a perfect right to feel bewildered over the course of its political and economic relations with the United States under the Roosevelt Administration. First the RFC grants a loan to The Soviet for use in the purchase of American cotton and negotiations are begun for larger credits. To regularize the trade negotiations, the United States recognizes Russia, and then the two nations exchange ambassadors who are experts on international commerce. In the United States the Export-Import Bank is formed for the express purpose of fostering sales of American produce and machinery to the Soviet Union, and for its part the Soviet prepares to send a trade delegation to this country. At that point, with the barbarous abruptness of a bombshell, the United States decides so to construe the Johnson foreign loan bill as to preclude any loans to the Soviet until the old debt dispute is settled. Thus the United States withdrew from the competition for Soviet orders, Russia prepares as best it can to finance herself, and some little illfeeling is stirred up all around.

(*Continued on page* 62)

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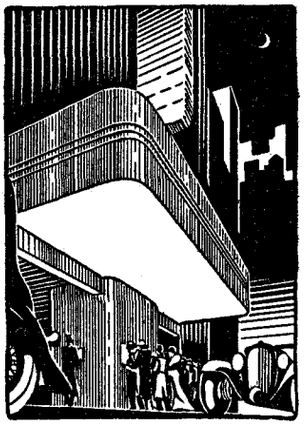

To See or Not to See

By Cy Caldwell

Viva Villa! *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Thundering across the screen with all the fury of a mastodon, this lusty, rousing, brutal, and sometimes appalling fictionized biography of Pancho Villa, Mexican bandit and patriot, is superb entertainment for all except the very sensitive, who will be shocked by some of the more horrible episodes. It is a savage, gory picture, full of excitement, death, noise, and fury; grandly melodramatic, yet intensely real, except for a few sequences wherein the Hollywood touch shows plainly. The cinema has become so polite and talkative recently that it is refreshing to view a picture which goes back to the style of the silent epics, when thousands of extras charged in battle, when troops of horsemen dashed frantically at the cameras, and when the entire picture went somewhere, instead of sitting in a modernistic room, talking to itself. I'd trade two dozen gabby screen dramas and prattling parlor comedies for one look at Viva Villa. It's especially grand fare for the man who likes his steaks rare and drinks his whisky straight.

As Villa, Wallace Beery gives the gustiest performance of his career, making of the lustful, murderous bandit a three-dimensional figure, humorous, sentimental, brutal, but with the simple mind of a child. Villa has become more of a legendary character than a figure of history, so it is possible to accept this characterization as true enough; the character is vitally alive, entirely believable. The supporting cast is excellent: Henry B. Walthall as Madero, Leo Carrillo as Sierra, and Joseph Schildkraut as the fictitious General Pascal are splendid. Stuart Erwin does well in a part that doesn't fit him, and which was written for Lee Tracy; the lesser roles are well played, and the mob scenes are expertly handled.

Wild Cargo *RKO - Van Beuren*

In Wild Cargo, Frank Buck continues his Bring 'Em Back Alive adventures in the jungles. Like Jim Farley, famous hunter of Air Mail operators, Mr. Buck puts on an exciting entertainment which resembles Mr. Farley's in that several of the incidents purporting to be real very obviously were staged in order to make the show a thrilling affair. For example, a huge python slithers out of a box, frightens caged monkeys, birds, and bears, and catches the attention of the cameraman, who photographs its every movement, but who unaccountably fails to warn Mr. Buck that the reptile is on its way to bite him! Suddenly trapped by the performing python, Mr. Buck is bitten on the arm, wrestles frantically with the infuriated serpent, and saves himself by shooting the misguided creature full of holes. One name for this sequence is box-office and another is baloney. Another most obviously staged incident is that of the charging rhinoceros. A moment's thought should convince adults that unless a strong fence had been concealed by those bushes that the rhinoceros would have moved rapidly away from all of those annoying people, and thus have saved himself a lot of useless exercise and a journey to an American zoo. But the rhinoceros, Mr. Buck, the python, the cameraman, and a large crew of natives were working in just another good animal picture in which the director expected every creature to do its duty by Hollywood and the customers. The picture is authentic in its jungle locale, around any part of which a stout stockade may be, and undoubtedly was, erected. Wild Cargo is a fine adventure film for the children, and a very amusing wild animal comedy for the rest of us.

For your guidance and possible amusement in detecting staged events in pictures purporting to record the undirected actions of animals in their native wilds, it is only necessary to remind yourself that wild animals do not submit readily to the annoyance of having their pictures taken by a gentleman who is standing within a few feet of them. Unless a fence is concealed in the background, and unless the animals have learned by days or weeks of confinement that they cannot escape in that direction, *they will not remain within the camera's range.* Authentic pictures of animals in their natural surroundings are those in which a telescopic lens has been used, disclosing animals who are distant from several hundred feet to as much as a mile from the camera. In such long-distance sequences you will notice that as the animal moves toward you, *the background also moves toward you.* If the animal is seen to move toward the camera, *away from the background,* you may rest assured that he is fenced in. The Brain Trust may fool us, but there's no reason why we should let Mr. Buck do it too. Of course, he captured these animals; but the pictured sequence is not the original capture.

The Circus *Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey*

Just a note to remind you that the Circus, the only stable, unchanging, and apparently unchangeable institution in the world is with us again, at Madison Square Garden, bigger and better than ever—and almost exactly the same as it has been since I was a child. True, the man on the flying trapeze has more company, and so has the intrepid gentleman in the lions' cage; while the steam calliope has been replaced by one that quivers and shrieks to blasts of air from an electric pump. But these are insignificant details; as a whole, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's World's Greatest Show remains the only thing that a Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep twenty years ago could wake up to-day and recognize, even to the smell. In twenty years dynasties have fallen, kings have abdicated, dictators have arisen, empires have been cut up, new nations have been formed, and the United States Constitution has been laid away in moth balls. Only the circus and Queen Mary's hat remain, forever the same.

As the Earth Turns *Warner Brothers*

It's too bad that a few important people in the motion picture industry weren't farmers to begin with, instead of fugitives from the cloak and suit business and the banking racket; for if they had started out as farmers we might have had more good pictures like As The Earth Turns, which gives an interesting view of a part of America which we who go down to see on passes don't often encounter. It is a simple unaffected story of a New England farm family, from the novel by Gladys Hasty Carroll, and if it isn't particularly exciting, it at least takes us out of the parlor and gets us down to earth. And I'm all for the cinema getting back to the great outdoors, not necessarily in Westerns, with lads everlastingly galloping off on horses, but at least somewhat nearer the soil than the interiors of smart apartment houses and gambling resorts. If you could only understand how tired I am of hearing highly artificial people talk over sophomore sex problems in lavishly furnished and decorated rooms (all of which resemble all of the other cinema rooms I have seen) you would realize how grateful I am when some kindly producer, such as Mr. Warner and his brothers, shows me a winter landscape, haytime, cutting corn, driving a horse, and other homely pursuits, now apparently extinct in movieland. Why not a back to the land movement in Hollywood?

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As the Earth Turns is not especially stimulating, for there is rather more of misery than of merriment in it; but there is about it a wholesome naturalness that is altogether charming; it will make you want to go back to the farm, even if you were born in Brooklyn and never lived on a farm. Of course, I'm taking it for granted that the hardships endured by this farm family now are a thing of the past. Thanks to President Roosevelt and the lads of the bright and breezy brain trust, the life of a farmer now is a very jolly one: all he does is to wait for the rural postman to come around with his check from the Agricultural Rest and Relief Bureau, or whatever they call it. When is the Administration going to do something for dispirited drama reviewers? That's what I want to know.

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You're Telling Me *Paramount*

That grand comedian W. C. Fields is to be seen at his best in a rather unevenly planned and directed picture, of which the plot is no more than a rickety rack on which the old master can hang some of his gags and routines, including the laughable golfing episode which he displayed on the stage some years ago. Like his side-splitting attempt at billiards in Six of a Kind, this sequence and several others are gloriously comic affairs which enable you to forgive a tiresome juvenile romance and some other parts that are more than a trifle labored. It is the sort of picture which lifts you frequently to the heights of unrestrained hilarity with the wonderful pantomime and perfect comedy sense of Mr. Fields, and then drops you down to wait impatiently until he picks you up again. I'm not complaining, mind you, for I am almost pathetically grateful to anyone who can make me laugh, and W. C. Fields always can. But I suspect that in the movies' search for polite comedy, and for culture generally, much of the technique of the well-balanced silent slap-stick comedies has been lost; somewhere along the line of uplift the old knack of building by degrees to a low-comedy climax has been exchanged for the policy of sandwiching a series of jolly incidents between dry pieces of dull business, evidently in the wistful hope of turning a crackerjack two-reeler into a top-notch comedy of feature length. But the comedy is still confined to about two reels.

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The Trumpet Blows *Paramount*

Whoever told George Raft that he could portray successfully the character of a romantic bull-fighter has much to answer for. Henceforth Mr. Raft should regard the fellow as a snake in the grass, as an enemy who is not to be trusted. If Mr. Raft had confined himself to those dashing and sinister gangster roles, we might never have suspected that he couldn't do anything else in the acting line; but now we know it. Unless he wants to find himself headed for the last round-up, Mr. Raft had better get back to his gangsters and his bullets, and leave the bulls alone. However, even with an actor in the leading role The Trumpet Blows wouldn't have been any good; it is a feeble and ineffective picture of which a more descriptive title would be The Tin Whistle Toots.

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Riptide *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Costumed as a June bug, Mary (Norma Shearer) meets Lord Rexford (Herbert Marshall) disguised as a water beetle. Divesting themselves of these disguises the two marry and thereafter conduct themselves pretty much as a June bug and a water beetle might have acted if they had wandered around together under a full moon eating loco weed, and had become slightly demented. A normal June Bug and a normal water beetle would have refused to have anything to do with Riptide. It's an infantile antic, hitting the all-time low water mark for whimsical dialogue; and therefore it is bound for success at the box-office, as any cynic would know. It has played the huge Capitol Theatre in New York for two weeks and is advertised for yet another week. No wonder that Mussolini and Hitler have no faith in Democracy.

Into the capable hands of Miss Shearer, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Robert Montgomery has been placed a luscious, sloppy gob of whimsical elfishness, and they have done their honest best with it. When Mr. Marshall asks for his little daughter he has to say, "Do I hear a little mouse somewhere?" And when he speaks to her he calls her, "such a very pink little rose." No dialogue writer should do that sort of thing to any actor, not even to Rudy Vallee or Bing Crosby. If you want to kill an actor, kill him, but don't annoy him.

Moor Born *Play by Dan Totheroh. Presented by George Bushar and John Tuerk*

Although Moor Born presents an interesting character study of the strange Brontë family of Haworth Parsonage in Yorkshire, it lacks the surge and upward emotional swing of good drama. In the first act you begin to live with these people, to understand them and their moods; for Mr. Totheroh has written full and revealing character portraits of Emily, Charlotte, and Anne, and possibly over-written the character of Branwell. In the hands of Glenn Anders, I couldn't believe in Branwell, except for moments; and I couldn't for a minute accept Patrick Brontë, the father, played by Thomas Findlay. And in neither instance do I blame the actors; possibly Branwell and Patrick were as Mr. Totheroh has written them, but on the stage of the Playhouse they were simply not believable. Perhaps the fault is mine—I want to be fair. Anyhow, I was left balancing, as it were, between belief and unbelief: the women I could accept as real people, the men I could not—a peculiar and unsatisfactory position for a reviewer to find himself in. The Emily of Helen Gahagan, the Charlotte of Frances Starr, and to a lesser extent the Anne of Edith Barrett, were believable characters, at least in the first part. After the one intermission I found all of the characters steadily losing their reality, becoming only actors and actresses in a rather unsatisfactory play which stodgily worked up to a climax that seemed very artificial. And yet I was always interested, always hoping that I could take these people seriously, in spite of my unbelief. Well, this is a truthful but rather inconclusive report. You may get more out of Moor Born than I did.

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House of Remsen *Play by Nicholas Soussanin and William J. Perlman in collaboration with Marie Baumer. Presented by Nicholas Soussanin.*

Too much ambition is just as dangerous as no ambition at all. Here, for example, is the sad case of one Nicholas Soussanin, who not only helped to write a play but who produced it and directed it himself. Where Mr. Soussanin, the playwright, erred, Mr. Soussanin, the director, failed to correct him; and when Mr. Soussanin, the playwright, and Mr. Soussanin, the director, made a mess of what never would have been a good play anyhow, Mr. Soussanin, the producer, went blindly ahead and displayed it to us at the Henry Miller Theatre. It is now evident that Mr. Soussanin is not a good playwright, not a discriminating director, and not a cautious producer. Like Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders, Mr. Soussanin has endeavored, alone and unaided, to heave the entire House of Remsen into the footlights' unfeeling glare, and it is no more than to be expected that the crazy edifice he deposited for our view is a very ramshackle house indeed.

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The Shatter'd Lamp *Play by Leslie Reade. Presented by Hyman Adler*

This one is the best of the anti-Nazi plays, a stirring piece of special pleading, plausible in its characters, excellent in its acting, but somewhat too palpably theatrical in its climax. Too theatrical, that is, to be entirely credible, when you come to think about it; unless the stories that have come out of Germany since the Nazi regime have prepared you for almost anything. The play tells the tragic story of a pacifist gentile professor in a Bavarian university, his Jewish wife, and their son Karl, a student. When the savage Nazi persecutors ruin the kindly, harmless little family the despairing mother kills herself, evidently hoping by this sacrifice to save her husband and her son from the fanatical Nazis' wrath and hatred. There are fine performances by Guy Bates Post as the professor, by Effie Shannon as his wife, and by Moffat Johnston, Horace Braham, Owen Davis, Jr., and John Buckler.

Like the German nation, which seems doomed to be cursed by a Hohenzollern, a Hitler, or some other indication of social and political halitosis, these anti-Nazi plays are cursed by a permeating odor of persecution propaganda. You always know what to expect, and are never anxious to learn what is coming next. In fact, you dread it. For what inevitably is coming is disaster, in one depressing form or another. Hitler got the Jews down; and now the playwright has the audience down, and it is going to get about what it got in the last anti-Nazi play, with variations, of course. But there is the same ferocious Nazi storm-troopers, and the same, or nearly the same good kind Jew, and the same thick air of gloom. What I'm getting at is that the world is dreary enough anyhow, without going to a theatre to have its dreariness rubbed in.

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The American Mind, Still in the Making

What will we be thinking tomorrow? The writer examines the American mind as it has been changed by the experience of the Depression, and essays a prophecy of its reactions in the time when, "Happy Days Are Here Again!"

by Walter Carnehan

A NEW test for American mass thinking lies just around the corner. It will come out of tomorrow's headlines: those in the back part of the paper which will tell of a perceptible rise in late spring private construction, of record power production, of farm purchases 30 per cent above '33, and of a decrease up to 60 per cent (by mid-July) in business failures. The summer seasonal slump will come, but it will merely accentuate the beginning of the customary upswing in late August which, by all current indications, should be more pronounced than any since 1929—the government will see to that. *Elections are coming!*

These are the principal elements of the external stimuli which will act upon the collective mind of America in the months immediately ahead. The result in a large measure will determine the course and progress of 126,000,000 people currently living in what still passes for a democracy through that which evidence indicates is the final stage of an extremely serious and dangerous period. The time has come to determine the possible reaction of the at least articulate element in this mass to a bath composed almost exclusively, it would seem, of a chemical known as, "Happy days are here again!" What will the temper of the people be then? Will it be any more trustworthy, the limitations of a democracy being what they always have been, than it has been in the past?

It is a failure of the political mind that it is seldom realistic. It likes to believe that the free and the enfranchised is a thinking animal, when it is this only by fits and starts, and least of all when it is aroused. It is for this reason that we have turgid and wordy political platforms, it is why "issues" are conferred an importance which they do not hold, it is the clue why so-called astute politicians deny that a concatination of emotional events had much to do with the election of Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States, and is responsible for that erroneous assumption that clear and forthright thinking upon profound economic issues placed Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House.

The fate of the new-liberal and the latter day Roosevelt "reformer" was conceded to be doomed by the liberals themselves with the first indication of returning prosperity. Many of the reformers, however, have not wakened to this truism. Will the liberal then be the first victim of tomorrow's mass emotionalism, sometimes called —thinking? There is certainly plenty of evidence to support this. Even the head-in-the-clouds liberal is beginning to perceive the handwriting on the wall. An able, elderly and essentially conservative—as to business training—New Dealer was heard complaining recently of the rising tide of newspaper criticism of NRA. "How can they say," he insisted, "that it's through, that it's a failure when in the same papers they print reports on increased wages, of increased steel output, of increased practically everything?"

This speaker's remarks contain the key to the next major assault which will be made upon the American mind—and heart. And that is—credit for the victory. Who won the war against the Depression? The Democratic—New Dealers, of course, are going to claim it. Their success at future elections depends upon it; but they are going to find standing in opposition an already accepted fact that both Depression and Recovery were world phenomena beyond the control of any national, or political clique. League of Nations figures and the experience of individual nations is strong, and it seems irrefutable, proof here. A boomerang awaits the too forward claimant of honors who would say, "I did it with my little hatchet," in the form of the retort, "Yeah? and maybe good times were really held up by all this experimenting." Can omniscience be claimed afterwards by the new doctor who prefaced every attempt to help the patient with the advance alibi, "Now this is just an experiment"? Can the "ungrateful" be trusted in the light of such evidence of "feeling better already" who wisecracks back at the cheery medico who says in published book form this spring, "On Our Way," with, "On our way where?"

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It is the American mind drawn through the wringer of the Depression which learned both fatalism and optimism in the last turn of the screw which is the objective of tomorrow's siege by politicians and by the searchers after new markets. It, in the last analysis, must be sold tomorrow's gadgets and the ideology of a new New Era. Can it be done?

How good is this mind and what has been done to it since that late Indian summer of the great grasshopper

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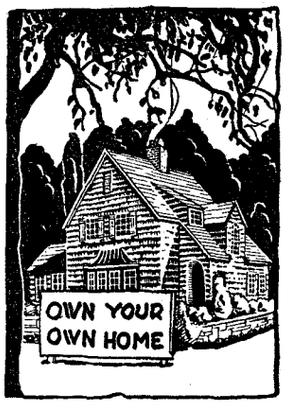

dance toward permanent paper profits for everyone? Can it ever be sold again on the virtues of "own your own home" in the light of the recent lamentable experience with sheriff and mortgage-holder by those who once did? Isn't even the idea of home owning an indication of the existence of sin toward financial over-extension? To whom will go the first spare ten dollars over current debts and current needs? Will it be given into the keeping of the banker, the customer's man, the building contractor, the insurance agent? Or, incidentally will it go willingly and quickly into the outstretched hand of the tax collector who will then have been taught to say, "You remember us, the boss, you know, the guy what bought you prosperity? Well, how about a little down payment?"

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The dissection and the understanding of this thing called the public's mind will in the day just ahead be more the concern of the government at Washington than it ever has been before. This is the inevitable consequence, not only of the centralization of power, but of the wholesale taking over of private business initiative and private business control by the government. A branch of that all-powerful agency is even now engaged with determining ways and means of inspiring a new "buying psychology." Whether this will be any more successful than the other "Buy Now" experiments of the recent past remains to be seen.

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From 1928 on the American mind has been treated to a succession of fallacies which would rank high in any history of incorrect thinking. First, there was that one about permanent prosperity, and the magic abolition of the business cycle. Then what was quickly evident as a major depression was called simply a temporary setback, or recession. It was all a matter of viewpoint and feeling. It could be cured by right thinking and plenty of optimism. Unemployment was accepted as a phenomenon following the stock market crash, whereas as a matter of fact it had been increasing at a rapid rate for a long time before that event. Then everyone was told never to call the depression The Depression. Next—"prosperity is just around the corner." When that event failed to arrive on promised schedule the mind groped to that unique conclusion that 1929 was a purple cow year—that it was a myth, a bad dream, and above all that it's like should never be expected again on this earth. That conclusion is still widely entertained despite the fact that no one has yet done anything to stop business cycles, and that all of the evidence of economists' charts is that the "swings" are coming closer and closer together and that they are successively more violent. If this is true, and there is no proof to the contrary, there is a not distant year on one of the as yet uncovered pages of the calendar which should pale "1929" to the stature of a cold, gray dawn.

Is this possibility a factor in today's scheming and thinking of Americans? The number is not so important. Many obviously are completely lacking in the wherewithal to put any such "hunch," or conviction into gear. Very many indeed have personal recovery, if not the continuance of mere existence, as their major problem, and will have it for some time. But there is a bitter residuum, which, although once burned, aches more with a desire for revenge than from the pains of past experience. That the average American did not learn from the famous October '29 collapse is proved by the host which was taken again in the false dawn of mid-summer '33. The lesson has not been learned that even in a capitalist society everyone cannot live on the speculative returns of capital goods investment. The lesson has been perceived, yes, and everyone wishes to heaven that the other fellow would take it to heart. "If I had only gotten out on the first of October." "If I ever get another chance, I'm going to get in and get out when I've got mine. Watch me next time!" It will not take many such "thinkers" to produce the real recovery bull movement.

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It is fitting to inquire what the reaction of such determined individualists will be if they find their way back to the fire barred, or about to be barred, by protective legislation of the New Dealers who see evil in every meeting between broker and customer. The patient will not be so docile then, nor will experiments tried and quietly abandoned be the runaway affairs which they have been in the past. The infuriated old lady from Dubuque who speaks so wrathfully today about boom time "investment trusts" and listens with a pleased and benign smile at her radio whenever it speaks so cordially, "Now, my friends—" will be difficult to hold, indeed. The reaction of this mind in multiple is important to consider in connection with current Washington reports that the Brain Trust reformers have saved most of their really drastic and radical social legislation for the next session of Congress and that in the words of the well known stage and radio impresario, *"This is own-lee the bee-gin-ning, folks!"*

In any appraisal of the collective American mind after the experience of four years of depression there is room for full-fledged doubt that it has as many of the social attributes which the very socially minded, left wing brain truster believes; or likes to believe it possesses. A collection of frightened souls has been mistaken for a new crop of disciples of Marx. The President was out of town at the height of the Wirt fiasco. It will be recalled that he returned, after it was over, in the best of humor, quipping gaily about things at the capitol having gone "from wirt to wirt" in his absence.

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The entire affair was more serious for many of those closely associated in the formulation of government policy than the Bulwinkle whitewashing would indicate. But its true power to do damage or to upset anyone's applecart was lost from the outset when the issue became involved in rumors of "plots" and "counter plots." There were a few of the younger professors who shivered in their boots to the very end of the show. Well they might, for what if Dr. Wirt, once on the stand beneath the kleig lights and a battery of microphones before him had said, "Now gentlemen, you are not interested in any hearsay testimony: of what I have been told by somebody at dinner who knows somebody who once met a brain truster. I believe

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that we can better spend the time this afternoon if you will permit me to read from the published writings of Professor Y———, or this announced philosophy of Professor X———, both of whom are recognized advisers of the administration, both of whom believe that the Constitution is a scrap of paper." West of the Potomac, and it is reported that there is a good deal of America in that general direction, an "intellectual," particularly one with Marxian leanings, is more distrusted today even than a Wall Street operator. The Wirt affair following a somewhat different course would have swung an undesired searchlight upon an extremely energetic group of operators.

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When the Depression jitters have passed out of the frightened collective American mind a question which will be frequently posed is why, after all, we are being treated to a liberal left wing reform. The predicament and mayhap even the result will be somewhat like that of the barber's customer who distinctly remembered saying he didn't want a shampoo just as his head was being poked into the rinsing basin. It is doubtful if in that day the whole answer, or the true answer, will get back to the questioner, namely that it all happened through political expediency. There is certainly nothing either in the record or the fine aristocratic, landed gentry background of Franklin Delano Roosevelt to indicate that he was a great liberal, not to say a Left-wing thinker. It was rather that a platform and a program were needed at a specific, opportune political moment. What was desired was something different, something startling. The answer was found at college seminars, where young theorists incapable of admitting and facing the reality of man's jungle inhumanity to man had been talking endlessly on theories for its correction.

The talkers sprang first to political, and then to government service, with an alacrity and willingness which none can question. It is doubtful, if at the outset, their Chief ever intended to permit them to put all their pet reforms into the pot from which two chickens had been missing so long. They went to work with a right good will, which cheered a dispirited nation. Everyone worked with his own pet recipe. One started out on a great *chef d'ouvre* of internationalism, while some of the other cooks were contributing ingredients which could only be successful if the result was to be strict nationalism, stricter autarchy. We were off gold in no time, and the busy cooks left it to the President to break the news as gently as possible to Mr. Woodin.

Now a great many of these youthful culinary experimenters expected to bring out of the kitchen a rich, well stirred fruit cake with no layers and plenty of red candles, a collectivist dessert wherein there would be just as many plums at the bottom as at the top.

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On the other hand, it would appear that what the President had in mind was a sort of a full course Dutch treat luncheon. During the excitement in the kitchen he took the trouble to explain to the more skeptical onlookers, "It is wholly wrong to call the measures that we have taken government control of farming, or government control of transportation. It is rather a partnership between government and farming, and a partnership between government and industry, and a partnership between government and transportation, not a partnership in profits, because the profits would still go to the citizens, but rather a partnership in planning and a partnership to see that plans are carried out."

Then as the thing began to cool it was discovered that the result had not jelled according to expectations. The dish is still without an official name, but those critics who have presumed to call it Fascism have not yet been adequately answered.

Two important decisions of the Supreme Court have indicated detours around the Constitution; both have shown that in an emergency, at least, the nation's economic interest can be placed above state rights, an important first step in Fascism to central government control and economic autarchy.

The American public in the first year of the New Deal was treated to the heartening, if somewhat sentimental, gesture of important personages in the Roosevelt official family turning up in mine shafts, and in out of the way miners' villages on investigation bent into the welfare of the worker. The mind which will study the fresh history of European Fascism will note that one of the first gestures to this particular form of government is the display of great concern and interest for the laborer. A worthy and noble sentiment, but does it mean anything? It leads to the making of promises which cannot be kept and which once broken lead to strikes and labor trouble. The ruthless Fascistic regime frequently requires the flattening of labor more severely against the wall than in other forms of government. It is noteworthy that many large labor units in the central middlewest have already petitioned their employers to come out from under the standard of the blue eagle. It is of value to mention this here in order to be forewarned that labor "thinking" in the days ahead may be done largely with a disgruntled mind—not a healthy situation to contemplate.

The great mass of American thought is not being done by a socially turned mind, but it is being done by a mind touched at least by the rudiments of economics. The underlying principles of the Veblen school were certainly absorbed in the popular interest stirred by technocracy. There is a consciousness, at least, of man's final attainance of a surplus economy. It is a mind still puzzled concerning the need or reason for scarcity in the midst of plenty. There is at least a partial awareness, and it is increasing, that the New Dealers have done nothing in the way of either a serious or practical attack upon this basic problem of the age. In the South the agrarian mind has already revolted at the economic unsoundness of "plowing under," and elsewhere in the country the entire scheme of attempting to create artificially an economy of scarcity in what is naturally an economy of plenty is being rejected by the practical American as sheer expensive waste; and to what purpose?

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It would be foolish to dismiss the resultant effect of the mass of the layman's thinking and talking on economics in the recent last years of the Depression. No final answer has been reached. None is likely, but the consciousness of the problem is of an extent which makes it one of the most vital factors in the stature of the mind which faces the New Day.

It is significant that this same mind which has a smattering of the neo-economics, which can rationalize about it at least glibly if not profoundly, has made no progress whatever in grasping the even more vital monetary problem of the 20th century. The discussions of bimetalism,

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and of "silver" which one can hear in the silver states are a conversational familiarity developed mainly through a consciousness of local business interest.

There is no mass realization that we asked the impossible of the old gold standard, failed to take account of new conditions that have made it forever impossible, that our involvement in financial chaos is due to the fact that the gold standard has gone to smash.

Henry Mussey, professor of economics at Wellesley, in a recent critique of Frank A. Vanderlip's, *"Tomorrow's Money,"* says, "We must put in place of the historic gold standard something adequate to present needs, but naturally we must call it by the old name. Mr. Vanderlip, of course, like every sensible theorist, demands a managed currency of some sort, by whatever name it be sugar-coated. But he is realist, banker, politician enough to know that our monetary system not only must be economically sound but must *display a decent regard for the ignorance, the opinions and the prejudices both of the bankers who have got to help work the system and of the business men and ordinary citizens who have got to struggle along under it."*

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There is a definitely changed viewpoint on the part of a considerable portion of the American citizenry toward government in general, and his own government in particular. It is too much to hope that the preponderance of this thought will be immediately and sufficiently critical to prevent his government from participating in the sins of spending orgies, which he learned so bitterly and so well were not to be tolerated in the individual. The new army of "kept citizens" benefitting from impractical government spending is too great at this date to produce any impressive volume of protest. The postman, ringing only once with an AAA cheque, a CWA, or EWA cheque, will be an effective agency in holding back any rising tide of criticism on this score.

But the government's paternalism has already produced a new line of thinking both in the class of the unemployed and in the unemployable. The willingness of this CWA dole getter to bite the hand which had been lavishly feeding it for nothing has already been adequately and painfully shown in frequent demonstrations and outbursts of CWA workers.

Paternalism backed by good government cheques is one thing, the doing of altruistic socially-planned tasks without pay is another. The farmer, who owns and tills his own land, is one of the most rugged of individualists. The Soviet planners found that out. The average American farmer wants no government interference in the upper meadow, or the lower pasture. In even half-way better days he will take no dictation upon how much he can, or how much he cannot, plant.

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It is difficult to obtain any estimate upon how much the American people have learned in the Depression. It was a truism of the after-war years that the World War participation had not lasted long enough to do the American nation any permanent good. For the country as a whole and for the national mind it was a decided romp. With all due respect to individual suffering, the same might be said of the Depression. As a people as a whole have we learned all the lessons which we should? To be sure there is evidence that there has been a profound change in small town life in America, a healthy thing. There is more respect, much more for the American town, for its stability, for its decencies, and for what it has to offer.

One of the so-called "benefits" of a depression is that it first halts and then reverses the population movement from the land to the cities. There was an indication that this movement in the current Depression was in full swing by the end of 1932, but the figures now available for 1933 would indicate that it was halted prematurely. The customary stampede off the farms which results in good times may come quicker in the new New Day than it ever has in the past.

A great amount of distrust of one class for another has been needlessly created by the New Dealers in their extensive activities of planning a new society. The invitation to the people to throw the money changers out of the temple has been to discredit an entire business class. When the government decides to get out of the banking business and seeks to urge the people to return to dealing with private bankers, the real injury done here will become apparent. Rampant inquisitorial powers sought to show that the American air transporters were a class rotten to the heart and only revealed one of the world's finest transportation systems doing a job which the Army Air Corps flyers were incapable even of approximating. To cite one more example from this case, many not too well informed citizens now believe erroneously that the American army flyer is a loafer and a wasted government investment.

The new Administration from the outset has sought to prove that *laissez-faire* was dead; yet after one year it finds it necessary to return to a policy of internationalism which will mean the employment of the true *laissez-faire* on a scale which many generations have never witnessed.

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A feature of the effort to discredit individualistic effort completely in these United States has been the ignoring of an entire new class in America. After all everyone wasn't unemployed during the Depression. A large portion of this regular salary-enjoying group did not participate in the lavish living of the Mad Twenties. But the Depression when it came lasted a sufficient length of time to teach a unique pride in work and in self which will last long, and will be long remembered. This group wants no government paternalism. In the situation of falling prices, even when coupled with reduced salaries, it has lived better than it lived in the boom times. There was a definite, fixed period in the Depression when it was better off than any other class or group. It will want, and will demand in the new time only a chance to further demonstrate its ability to take care of itself.

Human nature changes but slowly. It is questionable if much of a profound or lasting character has occurred here in four years, which indeed were long enough. Spengler's pessimism has not reached across the Atlantic. Emotionalism, as in all democracies, frequently takes the place of rationalism. There is still a deep skepticism of leadership of all kinds, and this reaches even to a skepticism of what is formally taught in schools. But if all of Adam Smith will not go down in the face of this, it is equally true that all of Marx will not.

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There is certainly much acceptable proof that the element Pollyanism is definitely decreasing in America. A more rugged realism replaces it. We have only to go into the larger national advertising offices to find abundant evidences of this. A new technique is demanded today of those charged in a large, highly mechanized civilization to sell to the populace the products of the Machine. These people know of the need for sound, practical arguments for successful salesmanship today. The old *cliches* will not suffice. The old appeals to, or against, snobbery will not suffice. The outworn claims for this new thing simply because it is "different" will not do.

It is strange that the bright professional medicos of New Dealism have missed this lesson. Are they really taxing beyond safety the proverbial tolerance of the average American? There are more paid Government departmental press agents "selling" all phases of the New Deal to the people than their Government has ever dared employ before. But have they really been successful, after all?

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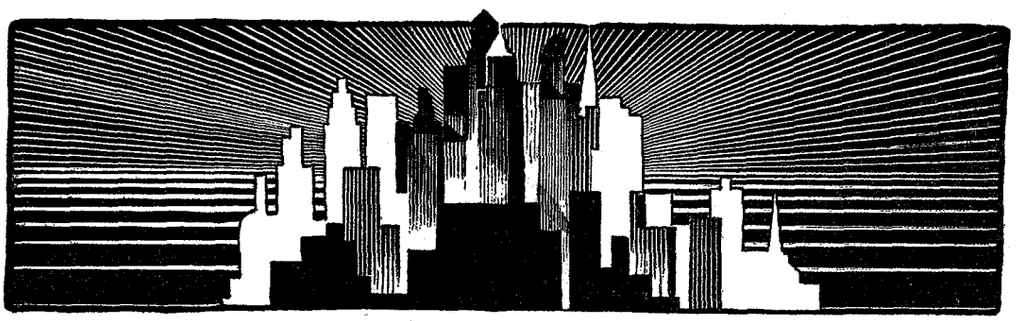
The big test ahead, as has been stated, is the Fall elections. Preliminary, early spring primaries and special elections give no indication whatever that the worm has turned, but that is no proof that he has lost the art of turning. For the program to banish rugged individualism from the land by government inquisition has not exactly been a 100 per cent successful undertaking. The New Deal press agent, intimating that the old way of American democracy is through and done with forever, has at least left the implication that we must turn to a collectivist society; and the practical American inquires, "Like what, for instance?" And the implied answer, "Russia," with her successive Five-Year plan failures, defeats that sales talk right there.

But in the last analysis it will not be the failure of arguments for new, theoretical forms of American rule to go down which will represent the real test of New Dealism. It will be the refusal of the native American mind longer to tolerate the inconsistencies, the slipshod planning and slipshod thinking of New Dealism which will prove to be the crucial issue and test. Are we to be exclusively nationalistic or truly international? Well it took a year for the New Dealers to make up their minds on that one—and the issue is not yet definitely settled, although at the moment Secretary of State Hull seems to have won an uphill battle on the point—fighting exclusively members of his own party. Are we really through with private bankers --for keeps, or only just for a little while? If we are to go in for internationalism, then the professors were only kidding about *laissez-faire* being dead. As to the monetary policy, the only answer seems to be to use the famous apology telegram of a not-so-hot engineer, "Off again, on again, Fennigan."

In addition to a greater realism in thinking, the American people have been growing more conservative in their social and business lives. It is fair to assume that they will shortly become more conservative in their thinking. The radio has been a great influence in mass education. It is unfortunate that it is also a dangerous weapon in the hands of the demagogue. Continuance of this practice may produce a serious, if only temporary schism. It can be met and faced only by the rise of honest and searching intellectualism, a long anticipated key to a new American aristocracy.



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Tomorrow's Piper

The Federal Government isn't our only spender. An annual American tax bill of $16,000,000 is now being made up for you. The unfair burden which this places upon the property owner is analyzed by the writer.

By J. M. Nolte

IT is not yet generally appreciated that within the next few months the people of the United States are going to be confronted with problems arising from the expenditure of public money which will entirely dwarf any similar problems in our history. We have had many able analyses of the Federal tax requirements and processes; but to date there has been no emphasis placed upon the vital fact about taxation, which is that our tax burden is the whole burden—Federal, state and local—and not merely that part of it raised by Congress. The full details of America's tax problems are too intricate and too vast to bring within the compass of this short warning; but it requires little time and little space to indicate their nature.

The salient features of the tax situation are these: we have a Federal funded debt that will soon approximate $30,000,000,000; we have a state and local funded debt of nearly the same amount; we have a current national tax budget of about $3,500,000,000 (tending to rise higher); we have a current state and local budget of about $12,500,000,000. The national and the state-and-local budgets both contain interest on public debt and some provision for refunding, so that we may say with approximate truth that we shall be faced for the next two or three years at least with the necessity of meeting an annual tax budget of $16,000,000,000 or more.

Unless these figures are related to income, they mean little to most of us, because, since March, 1933, we have become accustomed to talking about "billions" so glibly that the quantity itself has lost its signification as something vast. When our annual budget for government is compared with the funds out of which it must be met, however, we begin to have a glimmering of what the trouble is to be about.

In 1933, for example, our national income ran between fifty and sixty billions. There is not yet available a satisfactory compilation. Mr. Babson recently estimated the monetary return to the people of the United States at fifty billions. If we add to this figure the so-called "imputed" income, which is the value in terms of money of facilities and services that benefit their owners directly—such as the rental value of owned homes, the "living" of the farmers and their families, and so on—it is possible that sixty billions will be nearer the truth. On the other hand, it is more than probable that when the National Bureau of Economic Research has checked its authoritative data, the total "realized" and "imputed" income for 1933 will not much exceed $50,000,000,000. We thus find our total tax budget for 1933 (and it will certainly not be reduced for 1934 and probably not for 1935!) to have been in the neighborhood of thirty per cent of our total income.

In other words, out of every dollar which can be credited to our people for last year, thirty-odd cents was spent for taxes. Unless there is a marked increase in the national income in 1934 and 1935, the same relative proportion will hold good. In 1929, about fifteen cents of each income dollar went for taxes. In terms of income, our total tax load has doubled since 1929!

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We do not at first realize all of the implications of this tremendous tax burden. In order to understand them, it is necessary to compare our present load with that of other times. Throughout our early history, we regarded taxation only as the means of raising the expenses of a minimum amount of government. The Jeffersonian idea was dominant among us, and as a people we frowned upon adventures by government into the realm of social experimentation or economic reorganization. Government was largely concerned with roads and schools, with postal service, with military and naval protection, with the disposition of the public lands, and with the ordinary administration of the legislative, judicial and executive establishments. After the Civil War, we began to enlarge our conceptions of the function of government. The tariff, originally a war-revenue measure, was retained after the war for the "protection" of our infant industries. From that beginning, upon one pretext and occasion after another, our Federal, state and local governments have widened their spheres of influence and control until today by far the largest portion of our total tax contributions is spent for general social benefits of one sort or another. Our normal tax load in Jeffersonian times was probably from five to seven per cent of our total "realized" and "imputed" income. Throughout our history it is doubtful if it has ever exceeded, even in time of war, the percentage which we must learn to look upon as normal

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for the three years 1933, 1934 and 1935.

Is this proportion of income spent for taxes too large? Can we afford to spend thirty per cent of our total income for government? These are two questions which must be answered within the next year or so. To answer them, we must take into account into what taxation has developed.

It is no longer accurate to regard taxes as only the means of paying the expenses of government, if by government we mean merely those functions which we have traditionally associated with the term. We have so enlarged the province of government that the old ideas are quite superseded. In addition to what we have always regarded as customary duties, our Federal government is now performing the services of Lady Bountiful to the unemployed, to bankrupt municipalities and individuals, to hard-pressed states and to impoverished farmers. It is also building highways, canals and hydro-electric plants on a gigantic scale.

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We have assumed, quite generally, that our new idea of government applies only to the Federal Administration. This is an error. The state and local governing units are likewise engaged in many philanthropic enterprises and in many supervisory and regulatory undertakings which were undreamed of in Jefferson's day. They are spending most of their receipts, even apart from school funds, for benefits of the most general nature. In this class we may list the building of roads, the maintenance of hospitals and sanitariums, the inspection of industrial plants and railroads, the examination of foods, the administration of poor and unemployed relief, the furthering of public sanitation and hygiene, and so on. We thus find that every department of government today is a vastly different thing from the austere and diffident constable and postman of our early history. Government has become a sort of fussy general manager, or nosey rich relation. Jefferson may be said to have considered government as an unobtrusive and deferant servant; Hays, Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt added the conception of government as a scrupulous referee; Wilson added to them both the idea of government as a trustee; Hoover added the further idea of government as a benevolent and protective friend in need; and Franklin D.Roosevelt has now added the latest conception of government as a partner.

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It is futile to ask whether this development has been the best thing for us. The development has taken place, and apparently we must put up with it whether we like it or not. True, it corresponds in general with what has happened elsewhere in Western civilization; and in our country it has not come about by the application of great pressure by those engaged in governing. The interference of our governmental authorities in "private" affairs has come about at the solicitation of groups among us who felt the interference necessary. At any rate, we have adopted the "social" theory of taxation, which imposes upon government the duty of administering tax money in the interest of general welfare by whatever means or in whatever manner circumstances seem to require. The fact of which we have lost sight is that this theory embraces our state and local governments as well as the Federal government.

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With this enlarged conception of what taxes are supposed to do, we must naturally expect to pay higher taxes. If taxes are to be the instrument for the redistribution of wealth (which seems to be the current idea), it is inevitable that they must be a considerable part of our annual income. If thirty per cent of our wealth, for instance, must be redistributed in any one year, it cannot be done with taxation of only six or seven per cent of our income. Comparing our total tax load with that of other countries where the social theory of taxation prevails, moreover, we find that we are not badly off. Our total load in proportion to national income is lighter than that of many European peoples. In all probability, assuming that the taxes are equitably collected and fairly distributed, we can shoulder the thirty per cent burden successfully.

It will pay us, however, to look twice at the foregoing conclusion, for the assumption as to equitable collection is the crux of our problem. When we come to study the sources of our tax money, we realize that we have been guilty of gross inequity in apportioning the burden. If we are to continue to look upon taxes as a means of social control and social reorganization, we must reform our system of tax collection.

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Out of our 1933 tax budget of $16,000,000,000, for example, about $12,500,000,000 was state and local taxes. Of this latter amount, approximately two thirds (or roughly half of the total tax load of the entire nation!) was taken from general property owners. That is, for so-called state and local purposes, we drew our tax money from the owners of land and the improvements upon land to such an extent that their total contribution was between $8,000,000,000 and $9,000,000,000. Now, in the days when eighty-five per cent of our people were owners of general property, or at least dependent upon the exploitation of land for their livelihood, it was perefectly just to tax the landholders heavily. However they are levied, taxes, if they are to be just, must be considered as functions of income. In the days when our antiquated system of taxing was established, most of our national income came from land; it was right that the owners of general property—that is, of real estate and "immovable" or "tangible" improvements—should pay most of the expense of government. But by 1929 the proportion of our income received by general property owners in their capacities as such had shrunk to about twenty-five per cent of the total. The percentage is about the same today. It is thus plain that we are taking half of our taxes from a class receiving a quarter of the income. The result of this exaction—which is far greater than can be borne—has been the bankruptcy of home owners and farmers, the absolute stagnation of small home building and the decline in value of all real estate.

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Nor is our injustice to the general property owner all included in the general property tax. In addition to the latter, we have made him pay his full citizen's share of all Federal customs, and of all Federal and state excises, sales taxes and other taxes of like nature. In addition to all of the taxes heretofore considered, moreover, we have also forced the property owner to pay special assessments levied against his property for public improvements. In theory, the latter are supposed to add to the value of the property itself, and to serve a private use as well as a public one; but in perhaps the majority of instances this private benefit is a pure myth.

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If the terrific burden of local taxes upon general property owners were balanced by compensatory benefits, we should, of course, be committing no wrong. But the general property owner is not receiving from government in any respect (save possibly fire protection) a service different from that given to other citizens who escape the burden of property taxes. The local tax, like the Federal tax, is now used for services which are of benefit to every hobo on the street as much as to the landowner. The general property owner usually pays from sixty to ninety per cent of the school taxes, yet he has far from sixty per cent of the children. He pays for tuberculosis hospitals, for general hospitals and clinics and free dispensaries, for meat and grain and hotel and elevator inspection, for police and fire protection, for public markets, for terminals and warehouses, for poor relief, for workmen's compensation schemes and their supervision, for unemployment relief, for old age and mothers' and public employees' pensions, for teachers' retirement funds, for a thousand and one things besides the administration of a minimum of government that have no direct relationship to his property which is assessed so heavily.

The effects of the injustice that we have shown to the property owner have been manifest in greater degree every year since 1926. On the face of things, it may not mean much to the average citizen to have real property under such a cloud of disabilities that its utility in the plan of life is obscured, that no one wants to own any, or to buy any, or to build upon any. But it does mean a lot to him, as he would see if he would take the trouble to examine the facts. The tax situation is so unequal that every real estate venture, whether for profit or for private satisfaction, has had to start out with a heavy overload for taxes and a consequent initial decapitalization. This is equivalent to saying either that rentals and other returns from real estate must be inordinately high, or that buildings will not be constructed or occupied. Since 1926, we have seen both conditions.

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During the boom preceding 1929, many men erected buildings with the thought of getting rents high enough to cover not only the abnormal costs of construction but also the unjust tax burden. Rents were held up as long as people could pay them. As the Depression deepened, however, rents had to come down. But taxes stayed up. General property taxes are not like other taxes, which mostly bear some relation to income. Each property tax is arbitrarily set by an assessor, and it does not vary enough from year to year to give any real relief in a year of reduced income. The consequence of high taxes has been that thousands upon thousands of owners of real property have been driven into bankruptcy. Other thousands have been saved from bankruptcy only by public moratoriums on indebtedness. Hundreds of thousands more, unable to pay their taxes, have had to let the latter run delinquent. Tax delinquency has increased to such an extent that the Federal government has already had to lend millions of dollars to states and municipalities to stave off repudiation of public debt.

Severe as have been the tax shortages in several states, we have as yet seen only the beginning. Unless the state and local tax-raising system is revised, there is absolutely no way to escape default upon millions of dollars worth of governmental obligations except through the intervention of the Federal authority. Of course, this process of intervention in a sense tends to relieve the tax inequalities of which we have been speaking. When the general property taxes are not paid, the local governmental unit to which they are payable has an overdraft and ultimately is about to default upon its obligations; the Federal government steps in with a loan to cover the overdraft or the default. The Federal tax money comes from sources other than general property. In this clumsy way we take money from the left hand pocket after the right hand pocket is empty.

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But this is at best a stupid makeshift; it is an opportunist expedient and does not correct the original injustice. It lays the Federal government open to a dangerous sort of political racketeering. Everyone knows that years ago land ceased to be our chief source of income. What possible excuse have we to offer for having continued so long to draw from landowners the largest share of our tax money? In days of prosperity, no one objected strenuously because our total tax was low in proportion to income. The tax was tolerable because our conception of the duties of government did not demand unprecedented expenditures of public money. But now that government has openly become our most important agent of social reorganization and has assumed the task of redistributing wealth, it is surely worse than criminal to permit the continuance of a system that is in itself one of the cruelest instances of maldistribution in our society.

If we are to look upon taxation as a means of economic redistribution, it is patently foolish to restrict the Federal government to control of only one fourth or one third of our total tax budget, as we are doing today. If we have adopted "for keeps" the implications of the New Deal for social and economic control, a reorganization of our entire tax system is inevitable; and, whether we have adopted the New Deal permanently or not, the long-standing injustice to the general property owner must come to an end. If we do not move to end it, adversity will continue to harass the realty owners until their holdings are wrested from them and diverted to the State or until there is popular revolt. We can not have prosperity until this unjust situation is made right, for the well-being of the farmer and the small home owner is as inextricably bound up with prosperity as it is with the land, and land ownership, as a business, cannot thrive under the existing tax system. We shall not achieve economic contentment until the small home owner and

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the farmer are comfortable; they cannot be comfortable when the commodity in which their whole surplus is invested is under an unwarranted disability.

To summarize briefly our glance at taxation: we are now committed to the expenditure of about thirty per cent of the national income for purposes of government, and of this amount the states and local units are raising and spending from two thirds to three fourths; of the whole burden of $16,000,000,000, general property owners have been paying approximately half. Although the total tax load is probably bearable, it is bearable only if equitably apportioned. The unequal sacrifices demanded for several years of the general property owners have resulted in tax delinquency which is accelerating so rapidly that the Federal government is even now the only agency big enough to save our public credit from destruction through defaults of state and local taxing units. The heavy tax on general property has helped to bankrupt the small homeowner and the farmer, and has absolutely killed general construction. Without a prosperous farming population and a class of people willing to build and to buy small homes or to occupy multiple dwellings built for rent, we cannot have really good times, which depend largely upon a thriving general construction activity. It is therefore imperative that steps be taken at once to reform our tax system.

Such reform is properly a matter for the states, of course, and involves states' rights. But it is not a time to let doctrinaire considerations delay the accomplishment of justice. If the emergency is grave enough to require the contribution of thirty per cent of our income for taxes, it is grave enough to justify the prompt and firm intervention of the Federal authority. When the total tax contribution is set by custom at one tenth to one eighth of our income, and the Federal government attends strictly to its age-old functions, and local authorities are engaged in such social endeavors only as have local sanction, then we can afford a scattered and irresponsible tax system. It was under such conditions that we elaborated our present system, which has, according to the Bureau of the Census, nearly 200,000 separate tax spending units! But when by popular vote we invite the Federal government to do anything and everything it deems necessary for social reorganization, with no means of checking it for four years and no means of even expressing censure for two years, and when the "lid" is completely off as to the percentage of our national income that may be spent for taxes, what are the local governments, each oppressed by its own incubus of debt and distress, going to do about it?

One thing we may be sure of, for it has been demonstrated by the experience of the past year: they are going to try to raise just as much tax money as usual. Well, if the Federal government trebles its budget, and the states and counties and municipalities keep theirs constant, and our property owners are too broke to pay now, what is the answer? The answer is an alternative, as this article has tried to indicate: popular approval for Federal revision and control of the taxing system, or public bankruptcy on a scale we have not yet experienced.

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Outlook Book Choice of the Month

Reviewed by Robert Cantwell

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by John H. P. Marks. $2.50. 509 pp. Boston: Little Brown & Company.

SINCE THE WAR the number of books dealing with what may be called the horror of actuality has increased; there have been more such novels and stronger talents have gone into their production. In a work like Liam O'Flaherty's "The Return of the Brute," to take one of the earliest war novels for an example, there is presented a view of the world which differs strikingly from those given to us by the pre-war realists, bitter and violent as some of the earlier pictures were; it shows human beings in so advanced a state of wretchedness and demoralization as to be lacking in the most elementary human qualities, to be merely blind, staggering, suffering objects engaged in the purposeless and painful destruction of other animate objects. Most of the novels of this type have dealt with the war, but in a sense works like Dahlberg's "Bottom Dogs" and Farrell's "Studs Lonigan" belong in the same category; the emphasis in them is not merely on the intellectual confusion of the characters, but on the simple physical horror of day-to-day existence; the most commonplace experiences are shown as gross and revolting, and any attempt at understanding or control is shown to be sentimental, or affected, or smug.

"Journey to the End of the Night" is about the absolute zero of this kind of literature; at a lower temperature writing simply cannot survive. If the world is as meaningless and lost as M. Céline shows it to be, in other words, there is no reason for writing about it; if people are as blind as he presents them, any attempt to appeal to them or state their predicaments is doomed. But "Journey to the End of the Night" is a powerful and memorable book. It is also a one-sided one, with much of its strength arising, like the strength of some of those post-war German caricatures, from its exaggerations; everything in it is a little out of focus. Many of the characters, fat, gross, belching monstrosities, remind one of those cartoons of profiteers of the post-war period; and M. Céline particularly concentrates in showing these creatures in their least dignified moments, when they are industriously scratching themselves, say, or digesting a big dinner or getting their heads blown off. When you start reading about them, for the first two hundred or so pages of this unusual book, their animal activities are amusing, particularly since the author has a cruel wit and a sharp eye for their less apparent absurdities. But gradually, as the incidents mount up, as you see there is no relief, no "development" save the progress from one horrible or boring or stupefied adventure to the next, the book becomes a nerve-wracking experience, fascinating and tiring at the same time.

It begins with the war. Bardamu, the narrator, is a baffled philosopher, continually perplexed and outraged at the vast abyss between the claims of patriotism and the slimy reality of the trenches, studying the mad officers, the insane civilians, the sadistic military police, discovering that "the only uncertain thing was what uniform one's executioner would wear." The war that he sees is fought by bewildered and frightened soldiers, by decaying horses and by generals who are possessed with a raving desire to get everyone else killed. After he is wounded he discovers that the nightmare is not limited to the front lines; the whole world has gone mad and in the shadow of the slaughter, in Paris, the invalids grow crafty and base in their efforts to remain in the hospital, mouthing the patriotic slogans and building up greater and greater fictions about the war. "People lied fiercely and beyond belief, ridiculously, beyond the limits of absurdity: lies on the papers, lies on the hoardings, lies on foot,—on horseback and on wheels. . . ." Or again: "Back at home they'd been pretty quick to pick up honor and glory from the boys at the front, and learn how to resign themselves to it bravely and without flinching." Bardamu breaks down, losing two of his sweethearts because he cannot play this game properly, and leaves for the colonies, where all nature seems to put forward her most revolting displays and where nothing is real but the heat, the insects and the intolerable and unrelaxing discomfort.

There are a hundred characterizations in this book that are striking; a great many that are puzzling. In general, M. Céline tells us about the physical appearance of his people, their habits and expressions, with great force and clarity; but he never makes it clear why he should tell us anything about them. When Bardamu gets to America, after his meaningless suffering in Africa, and is partially supported by an old sweetheart and a new one, the journey has no relation to the rest of the book; it is an excuse for recording observations on the buildings, the women, the crowds in the street, and though the observations are frequently amusing, always unexpected and often salacious, they seem to contribute nothing to Bardamu's education or understanding. A vague sort of story, involving two murders, runs through the book, revolving around Bardamu's relationship with Robinson, whom he meets in the trenches, in the middle of Africa, in Detroit and in a suburb of Paris where he has settled to practice medicine. He demands a great deal, this author, when he asks that the reader be concerned about a human specimen as unattractive as Robinson, that he care very much whether Robinson succeeds with his petty and inhuman schemes or suffers after he is

(*Continued on page* 57)

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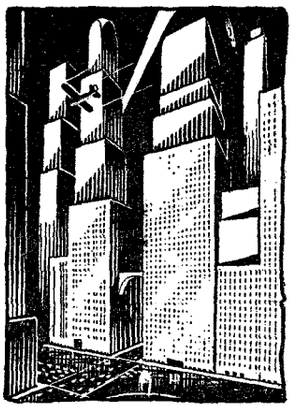
Talk of the Nation



The Needled Ball

IF OUR EAVESDROPPING on the serious conversation of the country, here, there, and elsewhere is the augury which it should be, the big problem of the nation this summer will not be international debts, another war in Europe, not even the Hull tariff, nor stock exchange regulations. The American business man—is this a sign of recovery?—is currently all upset and excited over just one thing—the needled golf ball.

No golfer we, when we first heard of the needled golf ball, we were afraid it was a hangover from the bad, bad days of prohibition, when the principal thing subject to needling was beer.

It's something like that, in a way—it puts surprising life in the ball—but it's not the same thing, a much more delicate art we can assure you on the strength of our preliminary investigations. It is, however, more mixed up with the higher reaches of physics than chemistry, the chemistry that is of turning near-beer into something more potent.

The "kick" is put in the ball after it is completely finished. It requires a very strong and a very fine hypodermic needle. Care must be taken not to damage any of the delicate fabric of the inner ball. It's not what the needle puts into the core of the ball, however, which is so important; it's what your driver does to it when it hits a ball which has been so doctored. That's where physics comes in. The impact of the club and the initial impetus of flight, as it was explained to us, changes materially the shape of any ball in relation to the air through which it moves. With the needled ball this change is greatly accentuated, tends to achieve a remarkable streamline form which might even make the new Chrysler jealous.

None of this, needless to say, is the cause of the acrimonious debates now going on at business luncheons, conferences, and even board meetings. We regret, however, to report that it is not individual distaste nor reluctance to have anything to do with a practice indirectly associated with the illegality of prohibition days that is causing all the fuss on the part of the business man golfer. The idea has just dawned among the duffers that surprising added distance conferred by the needled ball is worse than nothing when it carries you that much deeper into the rough, or, mayhap over onto the neighboring golf club grounds, where you aren't even a member.

●

Shellfish and Recovery

ONE OF OUR HEROES of the Depression is Ernest O. Dottridge. He's shellfish constable of Barnstable, Mass. His main duty in the last year and a half has been to prevent a premature shellfish rush on the part of his more avaricious town folks which might have turned a decidedly growing business into just one more emergency undertaking.

It was back in the good old days of 1929 that Barnstable folks decided to insure permanent Hoover prosperity by going in for municipal shellfish farming. The Town set aside three acres of flats in 1929 and planted a lot of quahaugs and little neck clams. It was agreed to keep the area closed for three years and merely "replant" the increasing shellfish. Not that anyone anticipated hard times or an emergency which might lead some to snitch a quahaug or two, or even a little neck clam as things got tough, but merely to make the thing regular Mr. Dottridge was appointed shellfish constable.

His serious difficulties didn't begin until 1932, when it had been agreed previously that the "farm" was to be opened up to municipal coöperative fishing. When that year rolled round prices were so depressed that saner business heads prevailed in town meeting to keep the flats closed for another year. There were moments then when Mr. Dottridge realized that he had taken on a man-sized job. However, we are glad to report everything has worked out splendidly. The first year's harvest was valued at more than $6,577, representing a net profit of $4,586. As we figure it the original baby quahaugs and the planting cost $1,991. The town has just voted $2,000 for additional quahaug propagation and Mr. Dottridge is very much relieved that the strain of the whole thing is over.

●

The Crest of Pu Yi

OUR MANCHUKUO SPY REPORTS:

A five-petaled orchid design has been selected as the family crest of Emperor Pu-Yi. It's going on the Chief Executive's stationery, on the royal household utensils, on the flat silver, and all that sort of thing. The guest towels, too, we presume. Anyway the flower which is the whole design, very simple, is the Chinese five-petaled orchid, a hardy plant very different from the ordinary orchid of the West. The best chance for the general public to view the design is on the doors of two vermilion colored Lincoln cars. In Shanghai these two

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machines are contemptuously referred to as "Provided for His Imperial Majesty, Henry Pu Yi by the Japs."

●

A Union Card

HANDICAPPED by the pressure of other editorial duties we delayed so long in getting around to our own investigation of the newly developed industry of fan dancing that an esteemed contemporary of ours has done the job, done it right thoroughly. The findings confirm a long held hunch of ours —Sally Rand has become something of an historic phenomenon of the latter stages of the Depression. She certainly will get mention in the future *Only Yesterdays,* some of which are still unlived tomorrows. She isn't mentioned anywhere in the New Deal, yet she has done her part for recovery—has helped revive the decidedly dying fan business, increased enrolment in fan dance schools, has stirred up a lot of trade in rare plumes. Those are the findings of our contemporary, and that's for NRA to chortle over.

What we have to report is something that may have to be taken up by the National Labor Advisory Board. We're always astounded at the dictatorial powers back stage which goes with membership in a stage hands union, particularly if you're one of the union bosses. You don't just work there; you practically own and run the place, that's all.

Well, it seems Miss Rand was playing Brooklyn. Backstage during her act there was one of these union officials, being very bossy, also very much interested. He kept all his crew stepping too, the old meany. No loitering, no standing around. Suddenly he spied, very much standing around, a gentleman in evening dress, whom he promptly concluded must be a Stage-door Johnny, who had somehow gotten by the Cerebus of the outer stage door.

"Say who do you think you are?" asked the union chief in his best union manner.

"Why—why I'm Miss Rand's manager," answered the gentleman in tails and white tie.

"Well, that don't make no difference. There's a union rule that I can enforce and will enforce," said the union man, "that nobody's allowed back here 'ceptin' members of the union and workin' people of the house. You'll have to get out of the wings."

"I'm a member of the union," was the suave reply, and the speaker produced his union card, as one produces, on occasion, the ace of trumps.

The union fellow was taken aback as he studied the card carefully. Then he looked up. "Well, if you're here as a member of the union, you gotta be ready to go to work. You can't work in that coat. Better get it off."

The coat came off, and the manager stood around for the rest of the act in shirtsleeves and resplendent waistcoat.

●

Einstein's Original Six

AN ENCOURAGING NOTE has been sounded. A learned mathematician, writing in a recent scientific journal, breaks the news, very gently, that one in a hundred people can understand the Theory of Relativity. In the early days, when Professor Einstein's new idea was first upsetting the world of physics, the figure was considerably lower—only twelve men in the entire world could understand it. Who the twelve were was never revealed—and subsequently the figure was cut to six. The theory was, we were assured, the "greatest height ever attained by the human intellect."

Now it appears that the upper one per cent of human intellects can comprehend something like an equal height. Our encouraging informant does not say whether the new rating applies to the whole world or simply to the United States. On our population basis, it means one million two hundred thousand people—on a world basis of two billion, it means twenty million can now commune with the cosmos on almost equal terms with Einstein. This is a tremendous improvement over the original six—to revert to figures on the astronomical scale, something like one hundred and fifty thousand per cent rise.

But further down in his report, our optimist takes a somewhat less cheering tone. The one million two hundred thousand, even though they are the upper one per cent, cannot get the whole works out of Relativity. Perfect understanding remains the secret of a few hundred at most. The one per cent, however, can get a working knowledge. Enough to keep them contented, anyway—provided they are willing to spend at least half their adult lives at the job. The basic thing, it seems, is easy; all you need is a good understanding of the Theory of Tensors applied to the formulation of natural laws. This comes to you as the result of: (1) a good high school grounding in elementary mathematics, followed by (2) four years college mathematics and physics and by (3) possibly four years of really intensive work in the graduate schools. Then the student is ready to begin, and ten years or so of concentration should do the trick. As a spare time occupation, two hours a day of concentrated meditation for fifty years would do it—an idea for filling in the new leisure.

Eventually, our writer promises, the entire world will find Relativity as easy as two and two. The trouble just now seems to be that the Relativists are specialists writing for specialists. The Theory is too new and exciting for anyone to have had time for thought of its public consumption. When they get through with verifying and exploring it, perhaps some really gifted popularizer will put it all down in simple words that the most humble can understand. By that time, of course, mathematics will be the current form of thought. Shaw's Ancients in *"Back to Methusalah"* filled in the dreary hours of their lives with pondering on the science of numbers. Given the training outlined above, we could do it now—at least one per cent of us could. The other ninety-nine will have to plug along as they are, until they catch up on the I. Q. upper crust. In the meantime, there are plenty of other things to think about.

●

Rum

EARLY LAST FALL, while repeal was becoming more and more apparent, much quiet betting was done around the speakeasy bars on which hard liquors America would most prominently take to its long dry bosom, once they became legal again. Gin and rye, of course, were the first favorites. A whole generation had grown up to know practically nothing else, and the process of educating it to the more refined and recondite drinks was expected to require considerable time. In fact, the name of gin had so long been taken in vain—through bathtub, home made still and other methods —that it was doubtful whether all except the elder drinkers hadn't forgotten other potions existed. It was cheap, colorless (somehow that in-

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spired confidence) and since its taste had never been pronounced, almost anything that looked white and seemed powerful could be, and was, called gin. Rye has been traditional with America for many generations, and while a little more difficult to make (few home distillers attempted it) and hence more expensive, it was consumed in no negligible quantities.

Scotch was another leading contender in the betting. During Prohibition, millions of gallons were drunk under its name, for the bootleggers could easily fake the appearance and some of the characteristics, with burnt sugar, caramel and the necessary alcohol to guarantee the effect. And in the Prohibition era, one seldom paused long enough between drinks to question the taste. In the speakeasy, you took whatever the assistant gangster handed across the bar; if it gave you a nightmare hangover the next day, you changed speaks without much thought of complaint. When a friend gave you a shot of something just off the boat, you drank it without adverse comment—for that would be rude and he might never give you anything more, even though the stuff tasted and felt much like whaleoil from a not very good whale.

The one great certainty was, however, that America had forgotten how to drink. Not quantitatively, but in the sense of knowing its liquors like a gentlemanly nation should. Fifteen years of assorted poisons and generally spurious firewaters had spoiled its taste. But with repeal, hundreds of experts sprang into the breach. Reams of advice poured down on the public; what to drink, how and when to drink it, what glasses to use, how to hold them; millions of words of advice and counsel for the appropriate salaams and observances in front of each particular kind. Every retired waiter who had ever handled a wine card came out with absolutely the authentic tradition and ritual. The American public suddenly learned that there was more, much more to drinking than simply getting tight. What had previously been crude fun, or indulgence, or escape, became a high art that required considerable technique to master. And the public liked it. They went for alcoholic learning just as avidly as they had gone for intoxication in the decade and a half before. Hardly a self-respecting citizen now who cannot give you the lowdown on the most stylish forms of liquor etiquette. The discovery has given the public great entertainment, and has certainly put drinking on a higher plane. Even the most fanatical dry could hardly object to it.

But perhaps the fanatical dry will object to the latest discovery the drinking public of America is making—the discovery of rum. Rum, of course, has been the traditional symbol of all that intoxicates the body and degrades the mind. The American public has been a little delayed in discovering this beverage, but according to reports from the West Indies and other Caribbean isles, a rum boom is under way, after many years of sad decline. The delay in rediscovering is curious, since before Prohibition, Americans were among the best customers the Islands had for their product. Perhaps because it was impossible to imitate, the years of Prohibition had made us forget just how efficient and tasty a beverage it is. But now the public taste is turning back to the memory of its ancestors, and rum is arriving, or about to arrive, on our shores in staggering quantities.

Rum is really our ancestral drink. In comparing age of favor, rye and gin are parvenus. Historically, the rum industry goes back to the time of Columbus, who found the natives distilling sugar cane by much the same methods that are used today. The Spaniards, however, were not interested in rum. Like most Latins, they were not given to ardent spirits with the same fervor which Nordics display. Their dominant interest in gold led them to ignore the possibilities of rum. The innocent natives who stupefied themselves in their jungle huts knew better than their conquerors how great an invention they had made, for they retained the primitive art as long as they were permitted to survive on the islands.

When the English came they quickly saw how profitable the making of rum could be. The New England Fathers were the first to put it on a commercial basis. It quickly became a flourishing industry, one of the most flourishing the colony had. Whatever the excuse, the Colony within a short time after its founding was making and consuming a tremendous quantity of rum. By 1676, the amount imbibed had apparently grown somewhat scandalous. One traveler, a Prohibitionist ahead of his time, commented in a letter, "The chief fuddling they made on the island is Rumbullion, alias Kill-Devil, and this is made of sugar canes distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor."

Massachusetts was the center of the industry. Within a century, there were more than sixty-three licensed distilleries, and countless private home stills that turned the stuff out for consumption on the premises. The greatest use of rum, however, was in the export trade. Midway in the 17th century, the New Englanders found that a most profitable three-cornered trade could be developed in molasses, rum and slaves.

This trade was one of the darker chapters in our history, but, like many other sinister undertakings, it was extremely profitable. Almost from the beginning, New Englanders were expert shipbuilders. Tall forests and many harbors, plus skill and energy, made the Colonies a natural center for ship construction. Calvinist shrewdness and a godly urge to make money supplied the idea. The West Indies made molasses. New England made rum. The West Indies needed slaves to work the sugar plantations. Africa supplied inexhaustible raw material. Voyages began. Molasses came up to Massachusetts, went over to Europe as rum. Black cargo was picked up on the west coast of Africa, came back to the West Indies, was traded for the raw material of rum, and so on as long as the trade lasted.

And while it lasted, it was extraordinarily good. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, it was New England's means of paying off an adverse trade balance with Britain and Europe. Colonial fortunes were founded on it. Merchants, governors, sea captains and parsons grew rich in it. Indeed, the parsons were among the first to appreciate the advantages of the rum-slave-molasses commerce. One of them frankly praised it, saying in a notable sermon: "The more (slaves) they buye, the better able they are to buye, for in a year and a half, they will earne, with God's blessing, as much as they cost." One hundred per cent on your investment in eighteen months—pious thrift could hardly ask more.

George Washington, as slave and plantation owner, knew the profits of the trade, and in his early career traded a slave for West Indian molas-

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ses. Benjamin Franklin found a double advantage in rum; not only did it represent money, but it was just the thing to settle the Indian problem as well. "And indeed," he wrote, "if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages, in order to make room for the cultivators of the earth, it seems not improbable that rum may be the appointed means."

Subsequently the rum industry was one of the most important agencies in financing the Revolutionary War. Much of New England's wealth was built upon it, and in 1776 we started the great adventure in liberty with at least a favorable balance of international payments to our credit. John Hancock and John Adams have left tributes to this and to rum's efficacy with the Continental troops; Hancock particularly admiring its "fortifying way" with the patriot armies.

Up until the advent of the Prohibition movement as a power to be reckoned with, rum was issued to the American navy. In the English navy it is still traditional, and England has won its famous naval victories partly on the strength of ardent spirits. During the World War, rum was issued prior to an attack, and if the attack was to be particularly unpleasant, it was issued in large quantities. In modern war, physical skill is less needed than the ability to take punishment, and rum has always been a help in that. Doubtless future wars will be helped along by it just as in the past.

Now, with repeal five months behind us, we are beginning to catch up again on the libation of our forefathers. The rum-slave-molasses triangle is gone, but there are still enough reasons why rum should survive. It is the easiest of all spirits to make. Most of it can be distilled from the by-products of sugar manufacture, the "scum" (its technical name) of the sugar cane together with another by-product called "dunder" being the basis of the molasses. Allowed to ferment, it is run through a pot still, aged for a period depending upon the quality desired, and bottled. As the basis of mixed drinks, it is the equal of any other spirit.

The simplicity of distilling is perhaps a hopeful argument for cheapness in the approaching tide of rum. So far, however, the importing companies have not seen fit to add this feature to the charms of rum. Like many other spirit dealers and distillers, they have subscribed to that fine old maxim that the American public does not care about price. But a benevolent government is about to step in on behalf of the consumer. As part of the New Deal for the Virgin Islands, Washington plans to produce at least six million gallons of rum annually for export to the mainland. Unofficial estimates put the cost, laid down in New York harbor, at one dollar per gallon. Taxes and duties will add more, but presumably the consumer will get something of a break, for the government does not expect to make money itself. The small profit from the distilling will be returned to the Virgin Islanders, who will use it to rehabilitate their badly battered standard of living.

Puerto Rico and Jamaica are also making strong bids for the rum market. Puerto Rico has already made the boast that nothing but the best will come from their stills; no "blends" or similar euphemisms will be allowed. Jamaica has kept faith with the rum industry all through the Prohibition period, and is in a position now to ship almost any quantity that American gullets can swallow. Cuba has long been a center for fine rums, its Bacardi among the top rank by virtue of great age and a more or less secret formula in distilling. The President of Haiti on a recent visit handed out excellent cocktails to newspapermen and other callers, just to show that Haiti could make rum too.

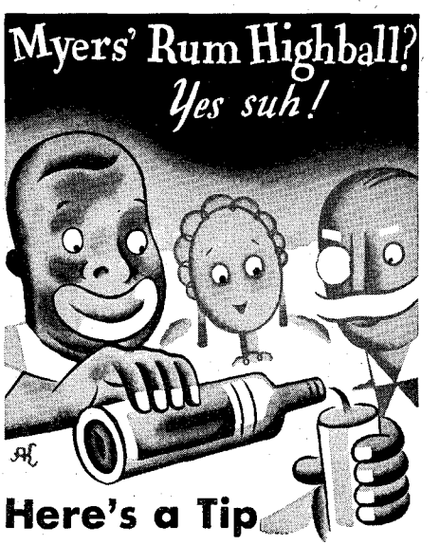
●

Outlook Books

(*Continued from page* 53)

shot; but that is the whole point of the book. It is easy, the author seems to say, to be interested in and moved by the careers of those who have some wit or beauty or grace; the real test is whether you can understand those who are not merely dull, but vicious. In short, Bardamu seems to be making a literal application of primitive Christianity, without pretensions or preaching, beginning with the premise that no one has yet volunteered to go down and take another's place in hell.

It is easy to understand why this book has aroused so much controversy in France; it is one of those works which invites you to be a friend or an enemy rather than attempt an objective appraisal. It does not give you a sustained esthetic pleasure; in many respects it is exasperating and occasion-



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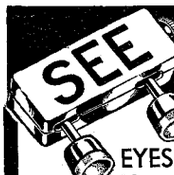

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ally it is dull—the mockery and bitterness in it sometimes turn into an upside-down pompousness. But it ought to be read, even where the reader must steel himself to go through with it, if only because it concentrates on the kinds of experiences, the kind of hopelessness, disease and unrelieved despair, that are so frequently ignored in fiction. You cannot forget it, any more than you can forget the miseries that are everywhere so apparent and so threatening now, though by the time you finish it is likely that you will want to. And in Bardamu, with his childish craft, his lechery, his suffering honesty, Céline has created a character of stature.

Books and Reviews

MACKINLAY KANTOR'S "LONG REMEMBER" (Coward McCann) is a carefully-woven novel laid in Gettysburg, covering the days of the battle, with the lives of a number of villagers oriented around the conflict. It makes excellent reading; it stamps Mr. Kantor as one of the most expert craftsmen among American novelists; as an example of how an historical novel may be given a quality of immediacy it is of some importance. For the first time the technique of fiction developed by Faulkner and others out of Joyce's innovations is turned on an historical event, and the experiment may be said to be successful. The majority of the characters, however, are passive spectators, spectators with their own passions and intrigues, it is true, but rather arbitrarily and artificially cut off from the deepest impact of the historical crisis they observe.

"Come in at the Door," William March's second novel, shows the author of "Company K" in a new light and with some reservations may be said to show a deepening of his powers. This account of the decay of a Southern family blazes no new trails, but it is a conscientious piece of work and the story, revolving around the psychological consequences on a boy who witnesses a hanging for which he is indirectly responsible, is quietly moving. "The Peacemaker," by C. S. Forester (Little Brown) is an ironic little tale, consistent and convincing beyond similar efforts, of what might happen if an obscure mathematical genius discovered a way of interrupting the world's traffic, and decided to use his power to force the world to disarm. Mr. Forester's Doctor Peth-

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wick has this advantage over the heroes of the usual novels dealing with science and the future: he is a natural sort of person, blundering, well-meaning, going far beyond his intentions in creating havoc. And his difficulties in covering his tracks, his childlike obstinacy and cunning, are frequently amusing. "On the Shore" (Viking) is a collection of sketches by Albert Halper, much less obvious and melodramatic than his "Union Square," but, like the earlier book, marred by a vagueness of observation and an unfortunate reliance on cliches.

There have been several good biographies, one of which, "Nijinsky" by his wife, Ramola Nijinsky (Simon and Schuster) is absorbing, a sort of factual synopsis for a masterpiece by some future Thomas Mann. The rise and fall of the greatest dancer in the world, the struggle waged over him by his wife and Diaghileff, his final collapse into madness—all this is so detailed and suggestive that it wants only a little rearrangement, a little more emotional pressure at the crises, to be made into one of the greatest of novels. What a Thomas Mann could do, for instance, with a scene like that in which Madame Nijinsky speaks to her gardener about her husband's suspected insanity, and learns that the gardener had been with Nietzsche before Nietzsche went mad, and had observed similar symptoms in him! There is no end of these tantalizing, buried climaxes in the book and rich though it is, it suggests more than it says.

"Sinners, Saints and Beechers," by Lyman Beecher Stowe (Bobbs Merrill) is a run-of-the-mill biography, with its real interest coming less from the scandals of its once-notorious family than from its picture of the crowded life of the period toward the end of the last century. Morris Hillquit's "Loose Leaves from a Busy Life" (Macmillan) is a generally tedious autobiography of the socialist leader who died last year, throwing a little indirect light on the growth of the socialist movement. "Woodrow Wilson," by Edith Gittings Reid (Oxford) constitutes a good addition to the store of information that is accumulating around that enigmatic figure, though the book is not a particularly penetrating or original study; the author was a personal friend, and personal friends, unless they are particularly hard to please, do not seem

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to make good biographers. "Windows on Henry Street," by Lillian Wald (Crowell) harks back to the days when settlement houses were bold experiments toward solving the problems of poverty; experiments which, in Miss Wald's kindly reminiscences, seem to have been such weak remedies in comparison with the magnitude of the task that a peculiar kind of resigned courage was required of those who worked in them. "Whatever Goes Up," by George C. Tyler (Bobbs Merrill) is popular-magazine stuff, the reminiscences of a theatrical producer pepped up with a good many anecdotes, some of which have been heard before.

John Dos Passos' "In All Countries" (Harcourt Brace) is a collection of sketches, covering travels in Russia, Mexico, Spain and the United States, offering a good deal of information casually and a number of vivid little pictures, incidents whose social meaning is suggested rather than insisted on.

Occupations

(*Continued from page* 4)

gently the need for scientifically trained women to bring "the touch of a woman's hand" into the housekeeping operations of these large-scale, collective homes. Dr. Mary DeGarmo Bryan of Teachers' College in New York, stated recently that she knew of no less than four good jobs that were going begging in this field for want of properly qualified women to take them.

Women with home economics diplomas who can write entertainingly as well as authoritatively about foods, cookery and homemaking need never be out of a job, according to the editors of homemaking magazines and the homemaking pages of newspapers. No longer will the woman in the home accept from her newspaper or magazine amateurish household hints dropped casually by amateurs. She too has become an expert in her line, and she demands that the information on homemaking purveyed by her magazine and newspaper shall be fresh, sound and, above all, authoritative and scientific. It is not so easy, say the editors, to find authorities on these matters who are also sprightly and entertaining writers.

And the big chances are by no means confined to the occupations concerned primarily with women's traditional interests. Before the Depression began to exert its blighting influence, women

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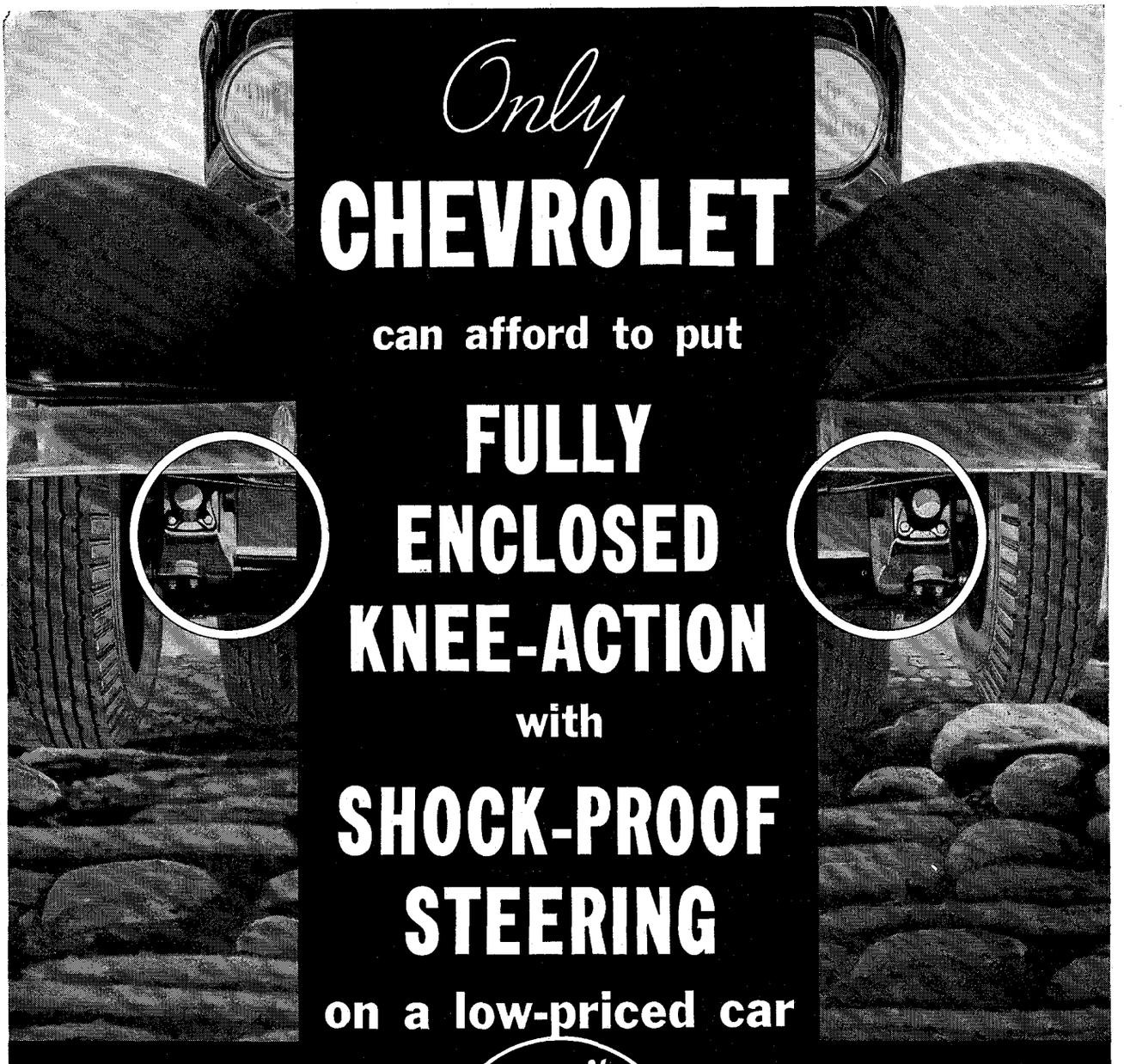

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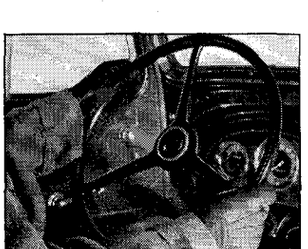

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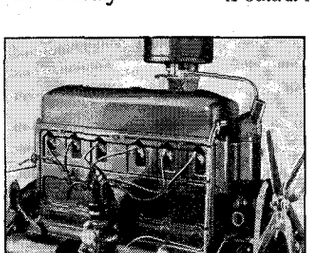

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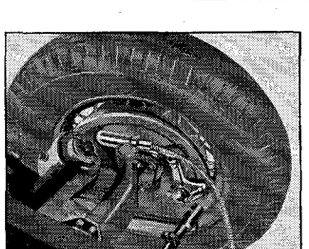

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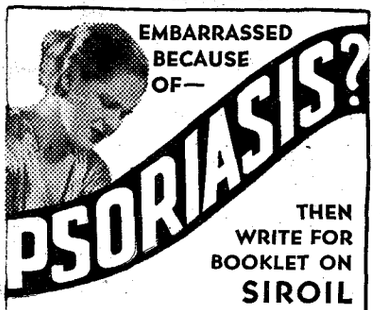

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had begun to be treated to the stimulating experience of being invited into what had up to that time been regarded as exclusively masculine pursuits, such as banking, finance, real estate, insurance.

In all these fields there are now women customers to be served and catered to. And here again is felt the need for "the woman's point of view" and "the feminine touch"—by which is meant, presumably, the feminine capacity for making sympathetic human contacts, for evoking a warm and friendly atmosphere and for creating a homelike and attractive environment for the customers. Service, it is pointed out frequently, is an increasingly important function of business. And in service, of course, women never fail to shine.

But—just a knack for fine cookery will not land a girl a swell job with a food manufacturer. A college diploma certifying to at least three years majoring in home economics is required.

Nor will a young woman of cultivated and sophisticated taste qualify as a stylist or a merchandise counselor merely because she knows and likes nice things. She must possess sound technological training in designing, manufacturing processes, merchandising and selling, a thorough knowledge of the channels through which goods are sold, of costs of production and distribution, of the historical backgrounds of the field in which she proposes to work.

Before a girl can get a start as a cosmotologist or a beautician—even as a junior operator in a beauty parlor—she must, in most states, take a training course, the number of hours of which are fixed by statute. And the cosmotologists and beauticians themselves are working constantly upon state legislatures to raise these requirements in order to weed out the undesirables and to draw into the business only women of a high type of character, mentality and refinement equipped with specialized training.

The situation confronting women today is summed up succinctly and perhaps a little brutally by a speaker at one of the Vocational Round Tables:—

"There are no jobs left for the untrained woman. To get work these days, a woman must know more about some one phase of a business than the boss himself. Business women must become professionals in the completest sense of the word—or perish."

Economic Reports

(*Continued from page* 41)

The only possible parallel to the extraordinary course the United States has followed to the Soviet is to be found in the Soviet-British relations, in which the Board of Trade is now featured as madly courting, now stonily rejecting, closer trade affiliations with the Red State. In lieu of additional credits, the Soviet is concentrating on gold production, and a 67 per cent increase in output occurred in the first quarter over the total for the 1933 period.

●

Men of State

(*Continued from page* 39)

centrated their attentions on Shanghai several years ago, Cunningham, as senior Consul General, assumed direct responsibility for the white man's interests in that city. It was he who kept the sputtering matches of war away from the open powder keg. His performance during those trying days was highly creditable.

He is of a philosophical, easy going nature, fond of literature and art. A genial soul, he loves to talk and to keep in motion—one of those people who would hardly survive if forced to sit at a desk. Once he makes up his mind no amount of argument will change him. In nine out of ten cases brought to him he will be sympathetic, but on the tenth case will be inexplicably unsympathetic. He likes to be democratic or to affect being democratic, even riding in a ricksha rather than a motor car only so that he can be seen. He wears clothes with studied neglect, but why not? After sixty-six years a man who has made his mark is entitled to a few eccentricities.

MEN OF THE EAST

These foregoing leaders in the Far Eastern problems are backed up by an exceptionally strong reserve.

MAXWELL M. HAMILTON has been administrative assistant to Dr. Hornbeck for seven years after spending an equal time in China, where he served as a member of the mixed court at Shanghai.

JOSEPH E. JACOBS, a small studious looking individual, is an outstanding expert on China and an accepted authority on extraterritorial rights and jurisdictions. He has a tremendous capacity for work, and

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consequently, can digest mentally the mass of information received on the great mysterious country which he follows.

RAYMOND C. MACKAY for many years a successful business man in China was drafted into the Department because of his knowledge of Manchurian affairs as well as his first hand experience with business in China.

EUGENE H. DOOMAN, the best Japanese linguist in the service with a complete knowledge of the people, history, and art of Japan, follows the headlong rush of that nation in search of her destiny.

At Nanking, **WILLYS R. PECK** serves as Consul General. He was born of medical missionary parents in China and talks the language like a native. He is a strong, likable representative with a profound knowledge of the intricacies of Chinese treaties.

FRANK P. LOCKHART, *Consul General at Tientsin,* was in Hankow during the long, acute political disturbances around 1927. His position during those years was considered to be the most difficult in the entire Foreign Service and he met each issue with skill. He has attained international fame as a bridge player.

CLARENCE E. GAUSS, *Counsellor of the Legation at Peiping,* and second in charge to Minister Johnson, is a practical hard-headed, fearless administrator who minces no words and can use the English language to slash to the bone.

JOSEPH W. BALLANTINE, *Consul General at Canton,* was trained in Japan and is adept at its language. His transfer is part of the new Department policy of interchanging men between China and Japan. His post is of great importance, not only because of our first contacts with China were through Canton, but also because most of the Chinese that come to this country are from that vicinity. He has a well trained mind; is a hard worker, and has the confidence of the Chinese and foreign representatives.

WALTER ADAMS, *Consul General at Hankow,* has spent his whole career in China. He is practical, calm and keeps the business of his area on a level keel.

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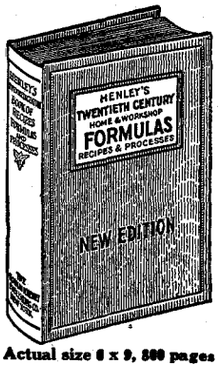

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•

Diplomacy in theory is described as the "art of conducting negotiations between nations." In fact, however, one is often transported from art to sacrifice. There was James B. Young, who was Vice Consul at Belgrade when the combined forces of Austrians, Germans, and Bulgarians under General von Mackensen swept the entire Serbian Army to destruction or exile. Young refused to abandon his mission to the King of the Serbs for the comforts that diplomatic immunity guaranteed him. He stayed by the aged monarch in the terrors and suffering of that awful retreat.

There was John Ker Davis, Consul at Nanking in 1927, who saw the city pass into the hands of the Nationalist troops. The Japanese and British Consuls had been shot. The word was sent out to kill all foreigners but after a siege of horror, he succeeded personally in leading fifty-two refugees to safety and ultimately rescued several hundred more.

Harry A. MacBride, Assistant to Secretary Hull, set off on foot for a two thousand mile trek through the interior of Africa to study charges of slavery among the natives. The roll goes on to sacrifice through cholera, tropical and yellow fevers. There was a Consul who dove into shark infested waters to save a child and was himself destroyed. There have been lives given aiding others in earthquakes, hurricanes and shipwreck.

There is much that is delightful in the life of our Foreign Service officers; there is much of danger, separation and privation in out of the way places, but, like the lives that most of us live, rewards for earlier tasks well done see them ultimately elevated to posts of responsibility and respect. The United States is fortunate in these days when there is an international complexion to nearly every problem of existence, that we are building up a trained, permanent force of representatives abroad and that we have abandoned the haphazard methods of the diplomacy of the past.

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